THE BYSTANDER
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FEBRUARY 3, 1932

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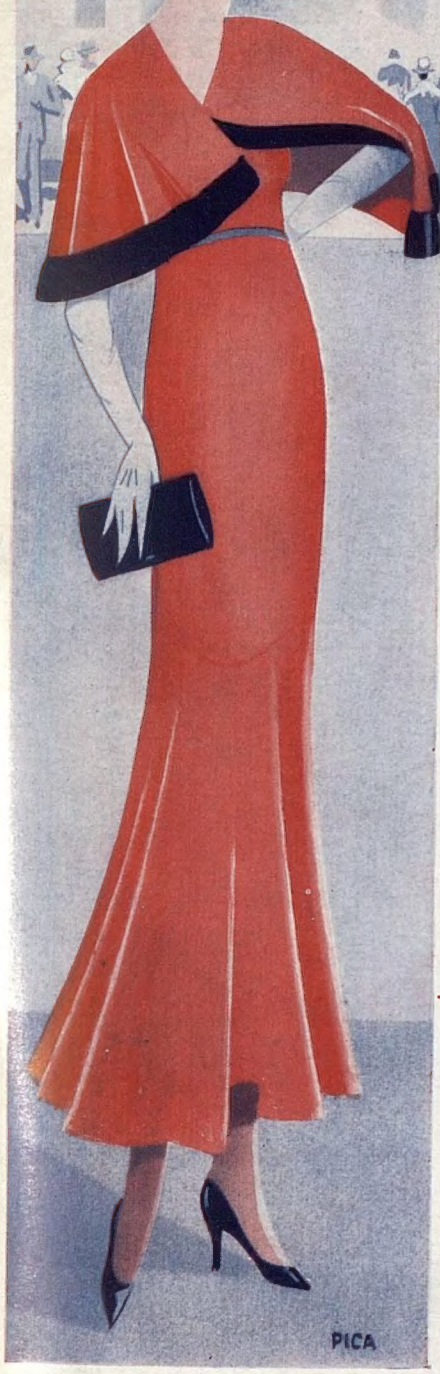
The Debutante of 1932: By The Hon. PATRICK BALFOUR



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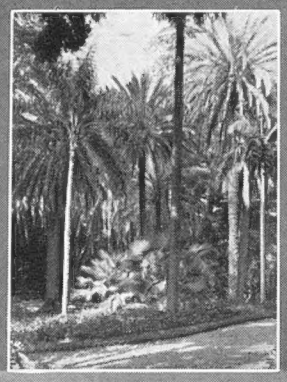
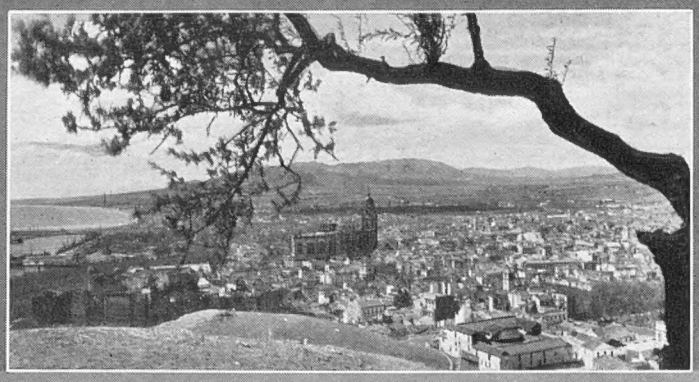
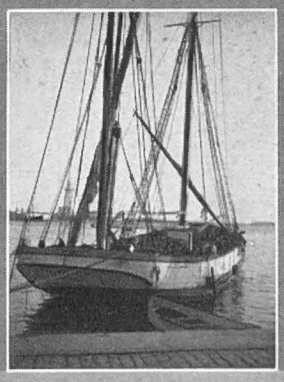
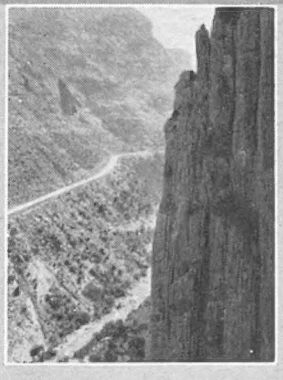
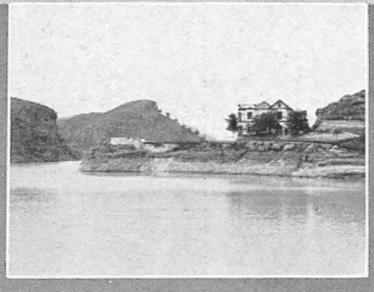
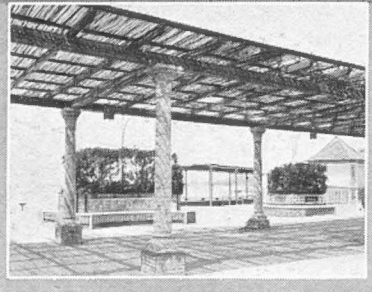
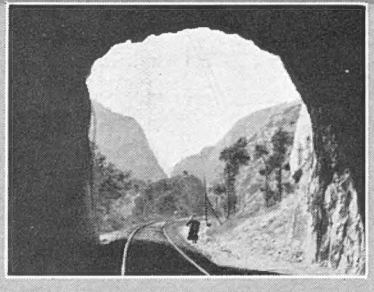
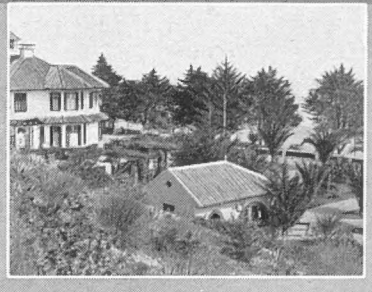
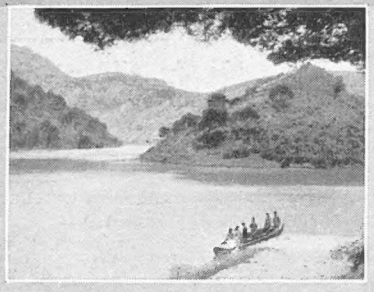




Come to Málaga
Spain





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The Bystander, February 3, 1932

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the BYSTANDER

MRS. T. C. RUSSELL MOORE

The wife of Lieut.-Colonel T. C. Russell Moore, C.B.E., M.P., who sits for Ayr. She is seen with her dog, Sherriff, whom she has brought up from puppyhood, now a ripe old veteran—as far as bulldogs are concerned—of eight years

M. BRIAND QUITS THE POLITICAL ARENA

A corner of the charming Normandy farm at Cocheral, where the great French statesman, M. Aristide Briand—an impression of whom, by Kem, is seen at the foot of this page—is now living, following his retirement from politics. M. Briand, who has been Prime Minister of his country no fewer than eleven times, and has occupied office in the Cabinet twenty-five times, relinquished on his retirement the post of Foreign Minister, which has since been taken over by the Premier, M. Laval

the passing hour

An impression of the wonderful fireworks display held at Monte Carlo recently Arranged by the Société des Bains de Mer, it was a great success

THE film of the Prince of Wales, called "Our Farmer Prince," attracted a large audience to the Private View last week. It disclosed, among other things, that H.R.H. starts his day at the gymnasium each morning at 7.30. Most people imagined that he played squash racquets. Ultimately it takes you to a Royal, or rather Ducal, farm in Cornwall, where a number of prize bulls are shown, and from there to St. Mary's, in the Scilly Islands. Here you see two miners on the farm which the Prince of Wales gave them a little time ago. It seems in a very flourishing condition.

THE only objection to the film is that it is extremely tiring to the eye, especially in the Dartmoor sequence, where the cameraman is "shooting" the countryside from a motor car which is bouncing along a very bumpy road. No views of the prison are given, though this would have been very topical just now. Which reminds me that any number of Stock Exchange stories are already circulating in connection with the outbreak.

ABOUT a fortnight ago the Prince of Wales was seen in the West End wearing a spotted blue and white muffler. Since then thousands have been bought by young men anxious to follow the Royal lead. At Mrs. Kenneth Richards's cocktail party last week each of the four Guards officers wore one, and so did two other men. Mrs. Richards, by the way, is going off to Egypt this week with Lady Joan Villiers. Mr. Mansel Villiers, who is in the 7th Hussars, is, unfortunately, in camp, and so will not be able to see them until some time after their arrival.

IN THIS NUMBER

MADGE GARLAND
compiles a Portfolio of Fashion

The Hon. PATRICK BALFOUR
describes The Debutante of 1932

VERNON WOODHOUSE
writes on Actors and Plays

"CAVIARE"
retails the latest Mayfair gossip

NORMAN THWAITES
writes on "Service"

GENERAL CRITCHLEY, who has just returned from a thirty-two-day dash to Miami by way of Vigo, Bermuda, and Nassau, makes my mouth water with his accounts of what a good time he had out there. At Bermuda the palatial new hotel, called the Castle Harbour Hotel, had just opened before his arrival. General

Bertram Park

The Marchioness of Linlithgow, who is the President of the Historical Drama Ball Committee The Ball will be held at Grosvenor House on February 25 in aid of the People's League of Health

THE CRUSHING BURDEN OF TAXATION

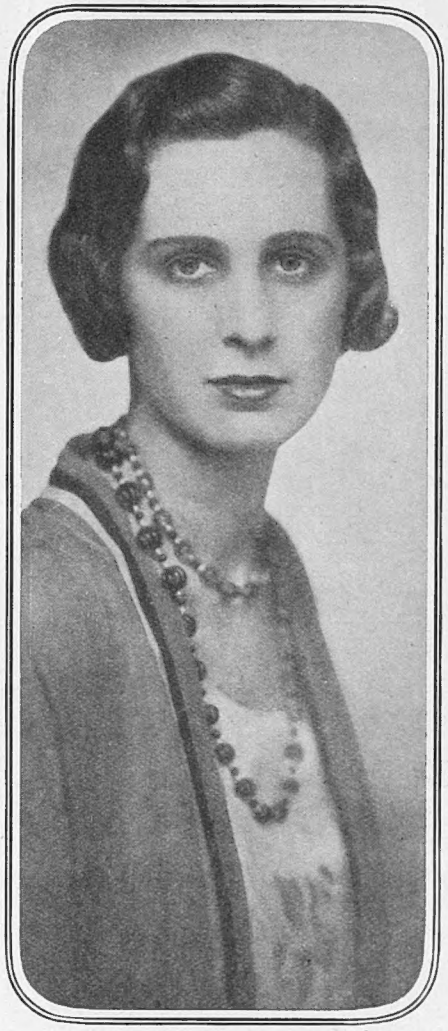
Critchley says it is even more luxurious than the Dorchester.

"My eyes nearly fell out," he went on, "when I saw one of the wine waiters from the Hermitage at Le Touquet. Would you believe it? They have imported twenty-five chefs, head waiters, and wine waiters from Le Touquet. The result is that the food is marvellous. What is more, they have the best dance orchestra I have listened to, and two of the finest golf courses in the world."

GENERAL CRITCHLEY then described his visit to Nassau, where the only casino in the British Empire is to be found. Here he found that the head of the police was a man he used to know when in the North-West Mounted, so there was a mock arrest of the gallant General, and he had dinner with his host in prison. Nassau, like Bermuda, is quite lovely, though not quite so smart.

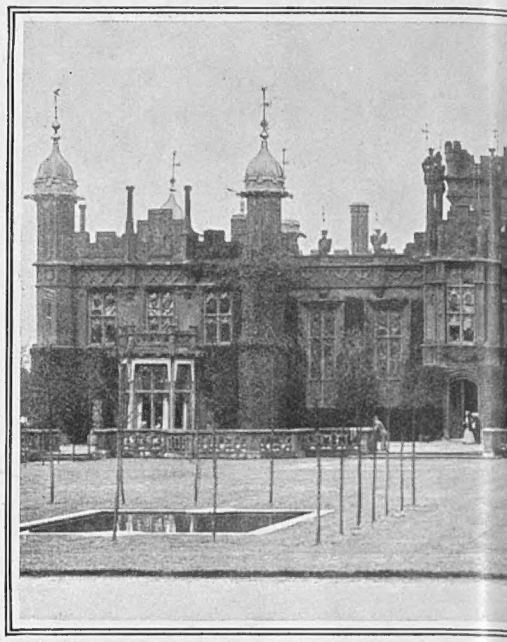
FROM here General Critchley flew to Miami, where he enjoyed himself even more. Just to show how tight money is, despite all you hear, a man who had to have a forced sale of his house and three acres of ground received no less than 2,800,000 dollars for it.

Incidentally, there are two golf clubs, each with 150 members, which it costs £1,000 to join, and, in addition, there is an annual subscription of £80. Both have a waiting list.

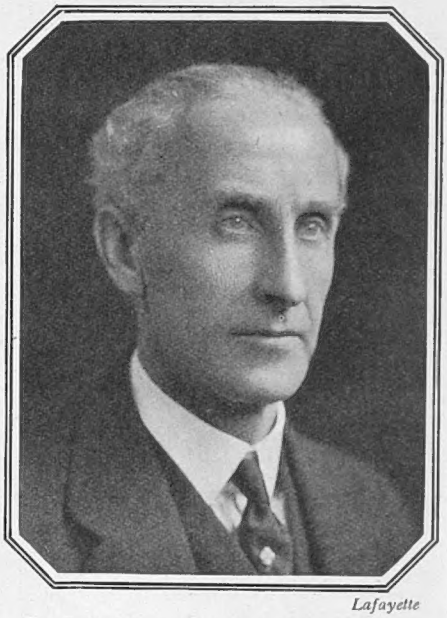


Lenare

Lady Hermione Cobbold, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, who have been obliged to close Knebworth House. She is married to Mr. Cameron Cobbold, and has a little daughter of eight months

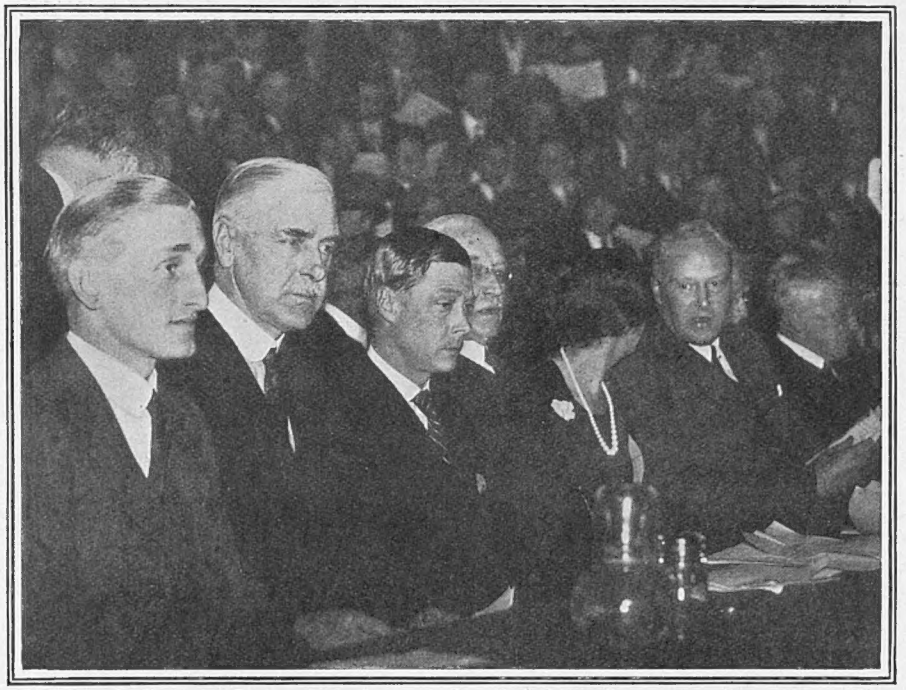


Another great house closed, thanks to savage super-taxation Earl and Countess of Lytton, once the home of the great first Baron Lytton, which has been added to the list of great



Lafayette

The Earl of Lytton, who has been compelled to close Knebworth House. He has had a distinguished career at the Admiralty and India Office and was the British Delegate at the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva last year



The Prince of Wales, as Patron of the National Council of Social Services, presiding at last week's great Albert Hall Rally, when 10,000 boys and girls heard him make a powerful speech, urging them to face the difficulties which lie ahead of the nation

GROSVENOR HOUSE was full of quiet interest last week. Not only was the international bridge tournament in full swing: there was also the final of the Ladies' Club Squash Rackets competition. This was won by the Ladies' Carlton, who defeated Queen's Club by three matches to two. It was unfortunately marred by the accident to Miss Blake, who received a tremendous crack on the head from her opponent's racket and had to retire. Women use much more sweeping strokes than men, and in the match between Miss Harvey and Miss Oakes I feared for both of

THE LATEST CONTRACT BRIDGE BATTLE

view of Knebworth House, the Hertfordshire seat of the esman-novelist, Edward Bulwer-Lytton, who became the ses that have fallen beneath the crushing burden of taxation

Lafayette

The Countess of Lytton. A Dame of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, she is the daughter of the late Sir Trevor John Chichele Chichele-Plowden and married the Earl in 1902

them, and particularly Miss Harvey. Miss Harvey told me afterwards that she has never played squash rackets by electric light before, nor had she ever played except against men. It was evident that she will go a long way in this new field. Lady Aberdare played with great pluck and skill, as befits the wife of so famous an athlete, and won her match against Miss Du Boulay. She was one of the few players who wore a skirt instead of white shorts, but it certainly did not prevent her getting round the court with great ease and at a very fast pace.

Lenare

Mrs. Gemmell, the racehorse owner and trainer, who is very well known in the steeplechasing world. She is the owner of that sturdy jumper, Gregalach which will run in the Grand National again this year

THE bridge tournament made me frankly homesick for a casino. The great red-carpeted room at Grosvenor House, with the four tables at various corners, the man at the door, and the heavy atmosphere, all reminded one very much of Deauville or Cannes, especially as any number of people were watching the play. The general consensus of opinion was that the Dutch team were the best players present.

THEY, by the way, used the bidding board—a contrivance of which Colonel Beasley, the secretary of Crockford's, who organised the tournament, approves greatly. As he says, it prevents any possibility of giving information to your partner by the inflection of your voice. At the same time, if you wanted to take an unfair advantage it would be equally easy to show the strength of your hand by the reluctance or eagerness with which you move the pointing counter from one section to another of the bidding board. Incidentally, I hear that there is no betting. When Colonel Beasley offered to have a small level bet with Dr. Lasker, of the German team, that he would not win, Dr. Lasker said that he would bet three to one that his team would not do so. So there was no market, so to speak.

WHILE on the subject of cards, I hear from the St. James's that my figure for the amount of fines paid during the time that White's were

Mr. Tom Walls, the well-known actor and racehorse trainer, who has just recovered from a severe illness, leaving St. Pancras en route for a health cruise to the West Indies. His son is seen getting busy with a ciné-camera, to the amusement of Mrs. Walls

GAIETY IN THE RESTAURANT WORLD

their guests was greatly exaggerated. It is also suggested to me that it is quite possible that bridge is played for higher stakes elsewhere in London. At the present time, by the way, members of the club are going to bed much earlier than they did in the past, and there are practically no fines at all, so I hear from Sir George Buchanan.

Sasha

Lady Glentanar, her sister, Mrs. Schrumph, and Lady Anne Wellesley. They are seen arriving for the "Sweet and Bitter" Matinée at the Saville Theatre. It was organised by Lady Dunn in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital

Viscount Cecil, who has been leading the British Delegation at the League of Nations Council meetings in Geneva, was more pained than surprised at being left out of the Disarmament Conference. Apparently his views are too idealistic to be considered of practical value

THIS has been a very gay week in the restaurant world. Synchronising with the arrival of the first fresh salmon of the year, a new orchestra under Stanelli has arrived at the Café Anglais, and Nan Blackstone has been enchanting people with her soft Texas voice at the Monseigneur. But when will some producer wake up to the fact that the man who croons in the Monseigneur orchestra is as good as Rudy Vallee, if not better? He is brilliant.

QUAGLINO'S, without any special effort, grows more crowded every night, while on Sunday it is hardly possible to move in the grill downstairs. On Sunday, although there is officially only room for eighty people, no fewer than a hundred and twenty dined there, and more came in for supper. The secret of the Quaglinos's success is that they are both always on duty and have never quarrelled.

THE EMBASSY the other night was also crowded. Eighty people had booked tables for dinner three days ahead. The Prince of Wales has been visiting the club recently. Harris, the leader of the orchestra, has been back for some days now after his influenza, and the banjoist who departed temporarily has also returned.

THE RITZ is another place which has been doing very well, perhaps because their patrons, having paid their income tax, are now celebrating their patriotism. The Dowager Lady Glentanar and her son, and Lady Hulton and her son, were lunching there the other day a few yards away from Adolphe Menjou and his wife, who have just returned from St. Moritz, where they had good snow and Mrs. Menjou caught a violent cold.

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, one of the Dolly Sisters, Mrs. Woolley-Harte, and Miss Bunting Stevenson

(*Continued on page 200*)

Sir William Jowitt and Lady Jowitt on board the S.S. Otranto at the start of their voyage to the West Indies. The resigning Attorney-General may seek consolation in the fact that, although he could find no seat in the constituencies, he has at least found a berth!

THE ROYAL STUART SOCIETY

HONOURS THE "PRINCE OVER THE WATER"

His Excellency Capt. Stuart Wheatly-Crowe, the Governor-General, who presided over the annual dinner of the Royal Stuart Society at Grosvenor House, and Sir George Robertson Turner, the noted surgeon, exchange confidences over the cockie-leekie

Above: The Rev. P. E F. Skinner and H.S.H. Prince Leopold of Löwenstein-Wertheim of Bavaria. The former proposed the toast of "The Fallen Cavaliers," and the latter replied to the toast of the guests

Left: Major and Mrs. Stuart Houston photographed during the dinner. The former is the secretary of the Royal Martyr Church Union

Right: Capt. the Marquis de Goldstone, Count D'Avison, the Principal Secretary and the Master of Ceremonies at the dinner, chatting with Vavara St. Clair Munro, Countess of Tomasevic, Princess of Bosnia-Herzegovina. The latter sang to the harp a selection of old Jacobite songs

The Royal Stuart Society held their annual dinner and dance at Grosvenor House last week, at which many staunch supporters of the Stuart cause were present. The Highland atmosphere was enhanced by typical Scottish dishes, including, of course, haggis, and the presence of two pipers, who played during dinner

Photographs by Sasha.

AN APPEAL TO HUNTING FOLK

(Continued from page 198)

have been among the fortunates who found it possible to go out there and enjoy themselves just as if nothing had happened to the pound. And yet most of the Swiss hotels made such drastic reductions in their prices to suit the altered conditions that it really did not make much difference.

THE theatres, too, have been doing extremely well. At the Hippodrome the other night there was not an empty seat in the house. Among the audience was the Dowager Lady Jersey, who had never been to a revue in the whole of her life before, and she liked it very much. What is not generally known is that one of the cast of *Bow Bells* is the daughter of the Royal valet, and she lives at the Palace.

MEANTIME, the Duke of York has promised to attend the Starlight Show, an original entertainment which Lady Cynthia Colville and Lady Cambridge are organising to take place at midnight at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, on February 4. The chief item will be the presentation of the film version of Noel Coward's *Private Lives*, starring Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.

Lady Beaumont, Lady Cambridge, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare are helping Lady Cynthia (who is at present in attendance upon the Queen at Sandringham) to dispose of tickets. The Empire, of course, is a vast house to fill, and it was only decided by the committee last week to hold the Starlight Show. This must be a record in lightning organisation.

AS president of the Hunters' Improvement and National Light Horse Breeding Society, Sir Walter Gilbey sends me an appeal "to the hunting ladies of the country." "They have already taken a prominent and useful part in the country's affairs," he writes; "they now have an opportunity of adding to this good work by becoming members. The society cannot be carried on successfully unless our membership is increased, as the Government grant has been necessarily so greatly reduced. I am proud to say that many ladies have already joined, but it is essential that their numbers should be augmented.

The popular Lord Tennyson, who is known to all his friends as "Lionel," putting in a little light-hearted work with the gun at the shoot recently given by Lord Wimborne at Sherwood Lodge. He is to captain the cricket team which will play in the West Indies in the near future

Lady Wright (left) supervises the cleaning of harness-r school which was recently moved to the palatial m She is the wife of Sir Robe

"THE subscription is only a guinea a year, and when this small amount is considered in connection with the cost of hunting, I feel convinced that they will respond to my appeal. By doing so, not only will they be assisting in a national cause, but they will also be benefiting themselves. Speaking as an individual, I hope the day may not be far distant when ladies will be represented on the council of this Society. Great success has always resulted when this has been the case in other bodies with which I have been associated."

Hugh Cecil Lenare

Lord Waleran and Miss Patricia Blackader, the daughter of the late Capt. and Mrs. Gordon Blackader, of Montreal, whose engagement has been announced. The third Baron, Lord Waleran is personal assistant to Mr. W. E. Rootes, the presiding genius of the Humber-Hillman Combine

OUR Hunting Correspondent writes: The Earl of Rosebery, in the course of a very encouraging and happy little speech, after being re-elected Master of the

SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

task undertaken with commendable cheerfulness—at her riding quarters at Durley House, Burbage, near Marlborough. Wright, the High Court Judge

Lenare

Miss Pamela Owen, the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Owen, of Wimbledon. Her engagement has been announced to Lieut.-Colonel Sidney Waterfield Bunker, D.S.O., M.C., B.Sc., F.I.C., Cavaliere del Ordine di S. Morizo e S. Lazzaro

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

I have had many good winners and I ask followers of my six horses weekly to continue with the system confidently. The weather is in our favour.

STOLEN FLAME was unlucky at Gatwick. Pecked at the final flight and his rider was at a disadvantage during the run-in owing to temporarily losing his irons. Started joint favourite for a two miles hurdle.

FOMORIAN backed down from 10 to 1 to 4 to 1 at Windsor was beaten for speed in the run-in. Must not be overlooked.

CLAUDE DUVAL was sent all the way from Ripon to Gatwick, but was beaten in the straight. Commissions returned over the wires. Look out for him in the North.

RACKSTRAW was favourably weighted at Gatwick, and carried big wagers. Was second in a strong field. Will win a hurdle race.

STEP FORWARD was well in the lead at Windsor when he came a purler. Was a genuine odds-on chance and backers were unlucky. This promising young chaser will wipe out losses.

ROCKMARTIN, after jumping splendidly, finished with tremendous speed at Gatwick, but could not overhaul the consistent Last of the Dandies. Was soundly supported in the market.

Whaddon Chase Hounds, at Winslow, Bucks, a few days ago, said: "Hounds have been out forty-five days so far this season, killed sixty-nine foxes and run 14½ brace to ground." He thought the Whaddon Chase record was very good up to this time of the year, and hoped it would drive away a few of those pessimists who predicted that foxhunting was on its last legs. Lord Rosebery continued to say that he personally was never pessimistic. We have pessimists in every walk of life, but there is no reason why they should be endured in relation to foxhunting. In looking up the history of hunting, it would be found that even a century ago some people declared that the sport could not last long. The noble Master of the Whaddon Chase Hounds' own view is that foxhunting will last as long as anything in this country, and he sincerely hopes it will.

ONCE again members of the Oxford Branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruel Sports have been most delightfully and deservedly snubbed in their own hunting ground. The Vice-Chancellor and Proctors of Oxford University have declined to uphold the protest made by the impertinent busybodies in question against beagling at Oxford. The Vice-Chancellor, in a letter addressed to the Society, said: "Beagling is tolerated, we believe, by prevailing opinion in the University, and is definitely permitted by the law of the land. We do not feel justified in giving public and official assent to the statement that beagling is a cruel and unmanly sport which ought as such to be forbidden."

Photographs *Lenare*

Another recent engagement—Mr. George Christopher Newman and Lady Joan Virginia Villiers. Mr. Newman is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Newman, of Beaufort Gardens, and Lady Joan is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clarendon

BUT perhaps the biggest snub the O.B.S.P.C.S. received was when they attempted to break up a meet of the Bucks Otterhounds near Oxford last summer. The followers of the B.O.H. merely regarded the howling mob with the same kind of contempt which a well-bred pack of hounds would display in passing by a lot of snarling curdogs. And the "anti-blood sports" slunk home while the otterhounds drew upstream to strike one of the best drags of the season.

Lenare

Miss Eithné Byrne, the eldest daughter of Brig.-General Sir Joseph Byrne, K.C.M.G., K.B.E. C.B., and of Lady Byrne, seen with Mr. James Stuart Smith, the head of the Shell Oil Company in Nairobi, after their wedding. Her father is Commander-in-chief of Kenya Colony and the wedding reception was held at Government House, Nairobi

Hors d'Oeuvres

by "CAVIARE"

I LIKE trains on a dress, but only if they are long enough to be held when dancing without an unexpected and sometimes embarrassing view of the lady's legs, etc. Lady Edward Hay has a lovely white satin dress and train which she manages perfectly, but then she is always beautifully dressed and has that composed poise which goes correctly with train wearing. Lady Dashwood, on the contrary, looks far better without a train to her high-waisted, rather unusual frocks.

* * *

WHY was a certain well-known young man sitting in a red brocade armchair on the pavement of Grosvenor Square, staring at an upstairs window?

* * *

I AM sorry that Billie Scofield didn't get the prize for "Miss Modern 1932." She is very attractive, with marvellous golden hair, but I'm afraid she was too tall and not quite perfectly proportioned for the job. I always think she and Hilary Charles are the loveliest mannequins in London, if a little too tall for beauty queens.

* * *

I HAVE heard about the fun at Monte Carlo, although everyone is very "hush-hush" about being abroad. A well-known couple—no, I won't give them away, have given some very, very amusing parties, and there has been no shortness of guests, especially as a certain lady with still better-known legs attended.

* * *

I THINK women who always take their dogs everywhere are a bore, and the poor pets do hate restaurants. Lady Seafield wisely leaves her enormous bull-terrier at home, which is a very nice flat in Grosvenor House, and Mrs. de Winton Wills is seldom hampered by her pekingese, a beautiful one but not as unique as Viscomtess de Janze's white and amber-eyed Lulu. And Princess George Imeritinsky does not take her borzoi skating with her.

* * *

LADY FURNESS and her sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt, have taken a house in Farm Street. Lady Furness likes sleeping on the ground floor, and has a tiny room looking on to the street. I think she is so brave; I should be terrified of someone breaking into my room when I was asleep.

* * *

I SAW Mr. Philip Yorke off to the Hebrides on a shooting expedition; he told me the party included Sir Henry Birkin and Mr. Edward Wills. They were expecting to "rough it," but had a large amount of "comfortable-" looking luggage. Mrs. Toby Barnes has just returned from a shooting party in the Orkneys, still farther North; she was staying at the McCorquodales' lodge, which overlooks the famous Scapa Flow.

* * *

LADY DALKEITH has the most fascinating smile. She and Prince George were laughing heartily at a theatre the other night, and her dimples were so attractive. She has such a lovely white skin, and is one of the few women who use no rouge. Lady Diana Cooper has the same type of complexion. I have noticed how in profile Miss Margaret Bannerman is very like her. Miss Bannerman has adopted a new way of doing her hair which is so becoming.

* * *

MY fictitious prize this week goes to Miss Eileen Hood, Lord Bridport's sister, who is not only very pretty and amusing but exceedingly brave. She really intended to be carried across the wire at Olympia.

* * *

LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY is so beautiful. I saw her leaning over the balcony at the Café de Paris the other night, wearing a multi-coloured cap and looking radiant. One doesn't see her very often in London, as she adores the country and her horses, and can seldom drag herself away from them to slip up to Town and sample the urban delights which, now that January, with its appalling Income Tax bugbear, is mercifully a thing of the past, are reviving wonderfully. Her husband often causes controversy in the hunting world, but is a wonderful rider.

* * *

I'M going to be very brave and say I don't like Lady Mount-Temple's house in Westminster. We all know her better as Mrs. Wilfrid Ashley. Her alternate black-and-white stairway dazzles me, and I hear several people have slipped on it, and looking-glass doors are so bewildering that it is only too easy to try unsuccessfully to imitate Alice and walk boldly through the looking-glass. Also I, personally, should hate to live in a house without curtains or coal fires, but there, I'm an old-fashioned body.

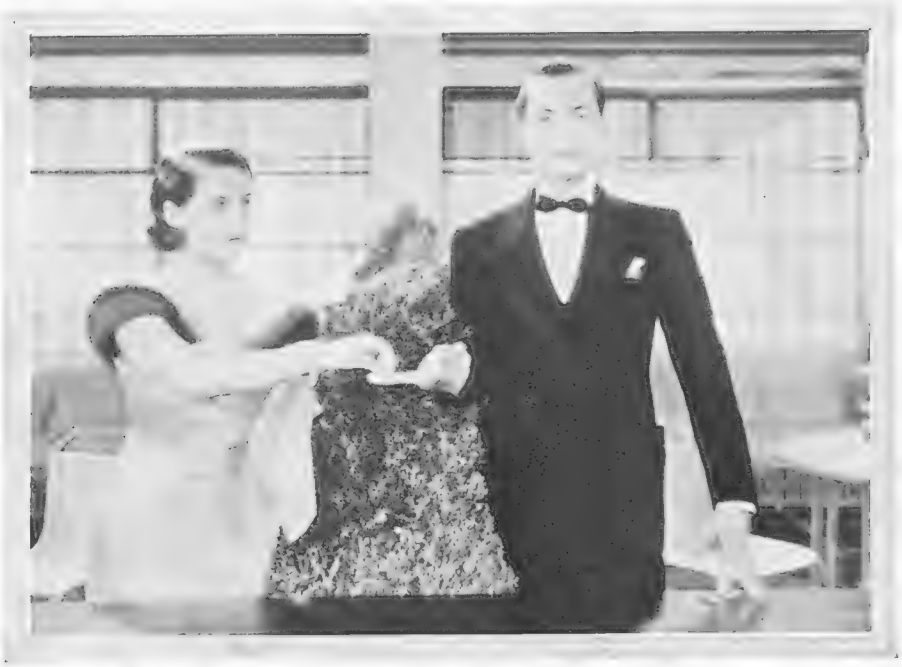
Lenare

Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, one of the most notable of the new debutantes. Lady Cunard is holding a dance for her in the near future at her house in Grosvenor Square

BY DURCAN

"Got any new gangster yarns?"

"PRIVATE LIVES" AS SEEN ON THE SCREEN



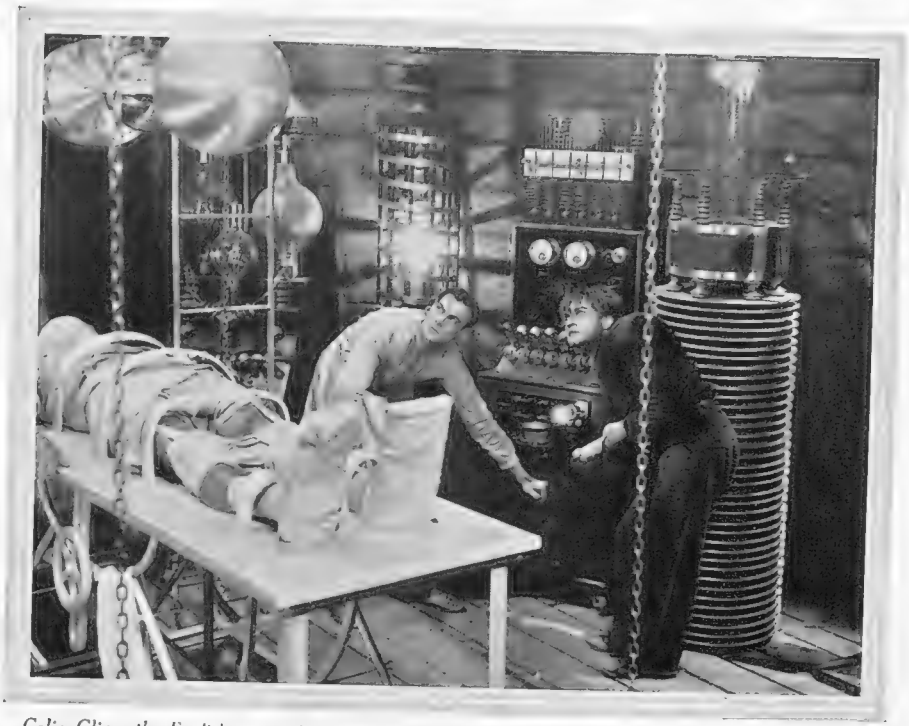
Elyiot and Amanda, divorced for two years, meet again on the eve of their second honeymoon, but not with each other. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in the screen version of "Private Lives," Noel Coward's brilliant comedy

(Centre) Amanda and Elyiot in Amanda's flat in Paris after their elopement. Another scene in "Private Lives," which opens at the Empire on February 5

Amanda steals away from her second husband (Reginald Denny) to her first, Elyiot (Robert Montgomery), in another scene from the film version of "Private Lives," the satirical comedy which tells the story of a game of marital General Post.

The Mexican atmosphere is very much to the fore in this R.K.O.-Radio picture, "The Dove," which deals with more than one character who is anything but dovelike in disposition. Seen above are Leo Carrillo, Dolores del Rio, and Norman Foster

AMERICA'S ATTEMPT AT BLOOD-CURDLING



Colin Clive, the English actor of "Journey's End" fame, as the young inventor, and Dwight Frye as his dwarf assistant in a scene from "Frankenstein," the thriller recently presented at the Tivoli. They are seen completing their work of making a monster in human form

Dolores del Rio, one of the reigning beauties of Hollywood, as she appears in the first talkie she has made for some long time. Entitled "The Dove," it is an R.K.O.-Radio picture

Colin Clive, Edward Van Sloan, and Dwight Frye tackle the monster (Boris Karloff) in another scene from "Frankenstein." Blood-curdling thrillers are said to be Hollywood's latest line of action, so soon we may be calling the talkies the "Creepies"!

THE ART OF CONVERSATION

Peter North

Above: The Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, whose conversation abounds in wit and humour. Her husband is the eldest surviving son and heir of Lord Ashcombe

Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, who, before her marriage to the only son of Viscount Tredegar, was the Hon. Lois Sturt. Her good humour and her frank opinions are famous among her many friends

Lenare

Right: The Hon. Nancy Freeman-Mitford, whose amusing novel, "Highland Fling," is as bright as her conversation. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Redesdale

Lenare

Lady Sibell Lygon, whose repartee and witty gossip is so well known. The second daughter of Earl and Countess Beauchamp, she is very popular with her large circle of friends

It has been frequently said that witty conversation is a thing of the past. This is totally inaccurate, of course. Here are four examples of very witty conversationalists who add to the gaiety of any party

if Gossip we must

By Webster Murray

"Love to me is like music."
"Yeah! It ends after the last note!"

THE criticisms which have assailed the Government — not, as I pointed out last week, factious criticisms, but long-delayed remonstrances that a Government with so much to do it with should have done so little—are more than justified by its latest antics over the Tariff proposals. The Cabinet is at sixes and sevens, and at last the country knows it instead of suspecting it. And, in attempting to explain away that position, it has made matters infinitely worse, since that explanation is so manifestly idiotic that a child of ten could see through it, and realise what a thin and feeble thing it is.

Nora Swinburne, who plays a leading part in Walter Hackett's latest comedy, "The Gay Adventure," at the Whitehall Theatre, is also filming, and has made a big name for herself on the talkies. She plays the leading woman's part in the screen version of Michael Arlen's, "These Charming People," generally released last week

THE annoying point about Governments is that they regard the country at large as being so devoid of intelligence that it should not be at large at all.

The statement issued is, boiled down, to the effect that (*a*) "it has been found impossible to reach a unanimous conclusion"; (*b*) the Cabinet is impressed with the importance of unanimity; and (*c*) Ministers who disagree with the majority of their colleagues will be permitted to speak and act just how they please.

IN other words, (*a*) we can't agree; (*b*) we think we should agree, and, therefore, in order to give the impression of being in agreement, we are (*c*) going to disagree in public as often as we like. "The less we are together the more united we shall be."

PROFOUND though my admiration is for the works of Lewis Carroll, I wish the Government could have found some other way of celebrating his centenary than by indulging in a Mad Hatter tea-party. The "nohow" and "contrariwise" business is not particularly funny outside either the nursery or the hours of leisured literary ease. The attitude of the Prime Minister grows curiouser and curiouser.

Much in the limelight at the moment is Sir Herbert Samuel, the Home Secretary, seen above looking rather glum, due, perhaps to being worried by "convictions" in Parliament and on Dartmoor. Having agreed to remain in a Cabinet with a Protectionist majority which has thrown over his Free Trade views, he is now faced with the problem of the Dartmoor convicts, who, for the protection of the public, do not remain free

During the election he was tactfully content to say precious little, and he was not much more talkative on vital points after he had formed an administration, which, by the way, he crammed with fanatical Free Traders from the Labour and Liberal camps.

E.N.A

Sybil Peach, an English girl well known in artistic circles in Germany. She has been chosen by the Berlin National School of Art as a model to portray the ideal slim feminine figure

Perhaps one day the story will be told of how Mr. Neville Chamberlain very nearly did not become Chancellor of the Exchequer.

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YET Mr. MacDonald, by saying nothing in particular and not saying it very well, is acclaimed as a superman by all sorts of sub-men. Matters having been patched up in a way that brought down the wrath of Lord Beaverbrook in its most trenchantly ironical (and therefore deadliest) form, he has, at any rate, the appearance of unity behind him. His Cabinet is not revolting—at least, not in that sense.

S

AS to the Press, either he has the power of hypnotism or there is some foolish notion that it is not playing the game to interfere with the man at the wheel, and that to spoil cricket is not in the public-school spirit. And I would sooner mix metaphors any day than mix Free Traders with Protectionists in a Cabinet which knows perfectly well that the country wants Protection, voted for Protection, and will have to realise that it is not getting what it voted for if it does not get a considerably larger measure of Protection than Mr. MacDonald and his not very merry men seem inclined to give it. Mr. Baldwin on one occasion declared that he had an open mind, with a bias in favour of tariffs. If Mr. Baldwin, who is honesty personified, has a bias in favour of anything, it is in favour of that persuasive aura with which Mr. MacDonald manages to surround himself.

S

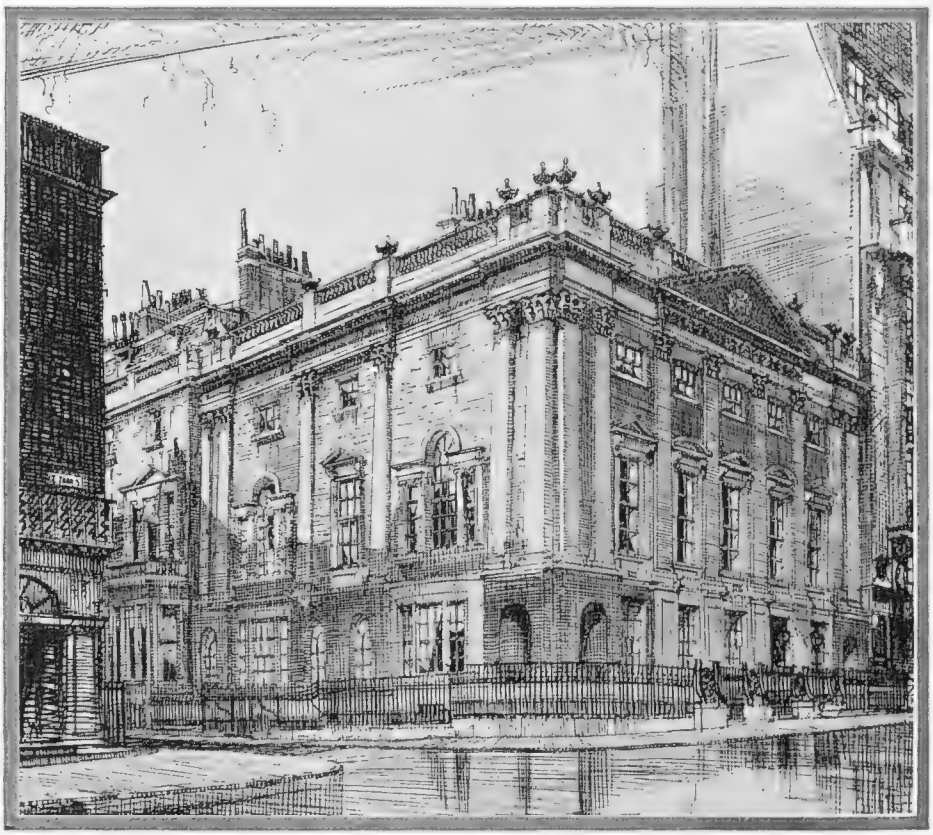
BUT if I were the Premier I think I would sooner be snapped at by the *Daily Herald* than owlishly blessed by the *Daily Telegraph*. The organ of Labour will never, never, never forgive MacDonald and Snowden—so far as one can use the word "never" about so fluctuating a thing as daily journalism. The *Telegraph*, on the other hand, in the rôle of the Mr. Micawber of Fleet Street, will never, never, never desert him. Mr. Micawber the other day, in uxoriously ecstatic mood, gave vent to the following: "The people know by instinct and reason that the Government with which they have provided themselves, with an unprecedented emphasis of choice, is the best obtainable instrument for getting them out of their difficulties; and nothing is farther from their desires than that it should be broken up, with most of its work yet to do, by resignations upon a single head of policy in the pure tradition of party government."

Claude Harris

Esmé Neville, who, with her partner, Gerald Kirby, is appearing in the very clever cabaret revue at Ciro's. Their novel treatment of old music songs has proved most popular

S

WHEN we peer at this through other than the rose-coloured spectacles of immaculate domesticity, we find that it sounds very dignified, and would be considerably more to the point if it meant nothing at all. It happens, however, to contain more fallacies than I could have imagined even so inordinately long a sentence could accommodate. To start off with (and, I fear, to end up with), the people did not provide themselves with this



By Frank Lodge

A famous old London Club: An impression of the exterior of Brooks's Club in St. James's Street. Founded in 1764, it is the third oldest of London's clubs, being junior only to the Cocoa Tree, which was founded in 1746, and to Boodle's, which is two years its senior, and among its 650 members it counts many whose names are famous the world over

Government at all. What they voted for was a Government to stand as a bulwark against Socialism, and, above all, to get the country out of its economic troubles by means of a system of protective tariffs. In short, they voted for a Conservative Protectionist Government, and a full-blooded one at that. They have instead an anæmic, many-headed affair which does not represent them.

THEY can, at times, however, make themselves felt. They have done so unmistakably in the case of that political Vicar of Bray, Sir William Jowitt, who, makes way for Sir Thomas Inskip. How long will the real Conservatives — the Page-Croft phalanx —hold their hand, which is a strong hand? Even the ultra-Labour Sir Stafford Cripps has declared that he would sooner face an honest-to-goodness Conservative Government than the present affair. He may face it sooner than he imagines.

By Starr Wood

The Sitter (*helpfully*): "This is always considered my pretty side"

Pearl Freeman

Sheila Wilson, one of the attractive players in "Helen!" C. B. Cochran's latest production, which came to the West End on Saturday last after an extensive try-out in Glasgow

THE other day I flew back from a deserted and rather gloomy Paris swiftly and comfortably in an Air Union liner. I arrived at Croydon at 3.25, feeling rather cold. Also in the aeroplane were two young girls whom their first trip had made pale and wan. When they reached the central hall of the airport buildings they were obviously in need of a tot of brandy, and I felt as if a whisky and soda would have done me no harm. In the buffet I was informed, "Sorry, sir; after hours." Now, that is the sort of thing that makes anybody curse his own country two minutes after he has landed on it. The misery, the absurdity, of this tyrannical nonsense after the freedom one can enjoy on the Continent.

"BUY British" is a good-enough slogan in its way, though I have an impecunious friend whose motto is "Borrow British." He makes it work with fair regularity. Yet "Buy British" is a trifle too vague. "The public like to be told things of this sort," a famous business man was telling me the other night, "but it likes to be told them explicitly. It likes, for instance, to be told to buy Southdown mutton or Cornish pasties or

NOTHING DOING

"No, I am not in love. No, I'm not ever to marry. No, I'm not to stop playing in the movies They are life to me."—Greta Garbo.

DO I crave a husband
And sweet domesticity?
No, I don't. No, I don't! No, I don't!!
Will I heed the pleas of
Some attractive, dashing he?
No, I won't. No, I won't! No, I won't!!
For I'm not that sort at all
And I'll never, never fall
'Neath Dan Cupid's gentle thrall;
No, I won't. No, I won't! No, I won't!!

Shall I ever waver
From the path of single bliss?
No, I shan't. No, I shan't! No, I shan't!!
Can I see the charm in
Making "Mrs." out of "Miss"?
No, I can't. No, I can't! No, I can't!!
Will I wake one day to find
I've a husband good and kind,
And leave studios behind?
No, I shan't. No, I shan't! No, I shan't!!

Is it true I'll go on
Acting till I'm old and grey?
Yes, it's true. Yes, it's true! Yes, it's true!!
Do the Talkies hold me
'Neath their Cinemarv'lous sway?
Yes, they do. Yes, they do! Yes, they do!!
For my heart is now employed
Loving strips of celluloid,
And without them life's a void
Yes, it's true. It is true! All too true!!

B. W.

Janet Jevons

Désirée Ellenger, who, with Evelyn Laye, W. H. Berry and George Robey, is among the principals in "Helen!" Offenbach's musical play, the book of which has been adapted by A. P. Herbert, should fill the Adelphi Theatre for many moons

The final of the Totem Dance number in the Midland Bank Operatic Company's production of "Rose Marie," produced at the Scala Theatre last week. Only those who were present at the performances could appreciate the enormous amount of skill and hard work entailed in successfully reproducing a Drury Lane musical drama on the amateur stage. Not unnaturally, even in the Totem Dance, the Bank performers preserved the balance!

Stilton cheese or Brighton rock or Canterbury bells or Cheshire cats. People like the territorial association."

OUR Chief Commissioner of Police is evidently out to see that the criminal propensities of the public should be stamped out at all costs. Sir Hugh Trenchard, who now occupies that exalted post, is therefore well advised to make Clubland one of the centres of police activities.

I DOUBT, unless your knowledge of Clubland is extensive and peculiar, whether you can realise what dreadful crimes are committed there. Only recently some beautifully disguised policemen were in a night club of excellent repute, and there saw something which will, of course, lead to a criminal prosecution.

LET me recount what the "cops" saw in all its lurid horror. It was getting on for midnight, when all good citizens should be abed, and a party were having supper, when the police observed a girl as she passed a table being greeted by friends sitting there. The host asked her to sit down for a moment and drink the health of a mutual friend married that day. She did so, and in consequence was guilty of an offence against the law, for, though she was supping in the club, she was not supping at that particular table!

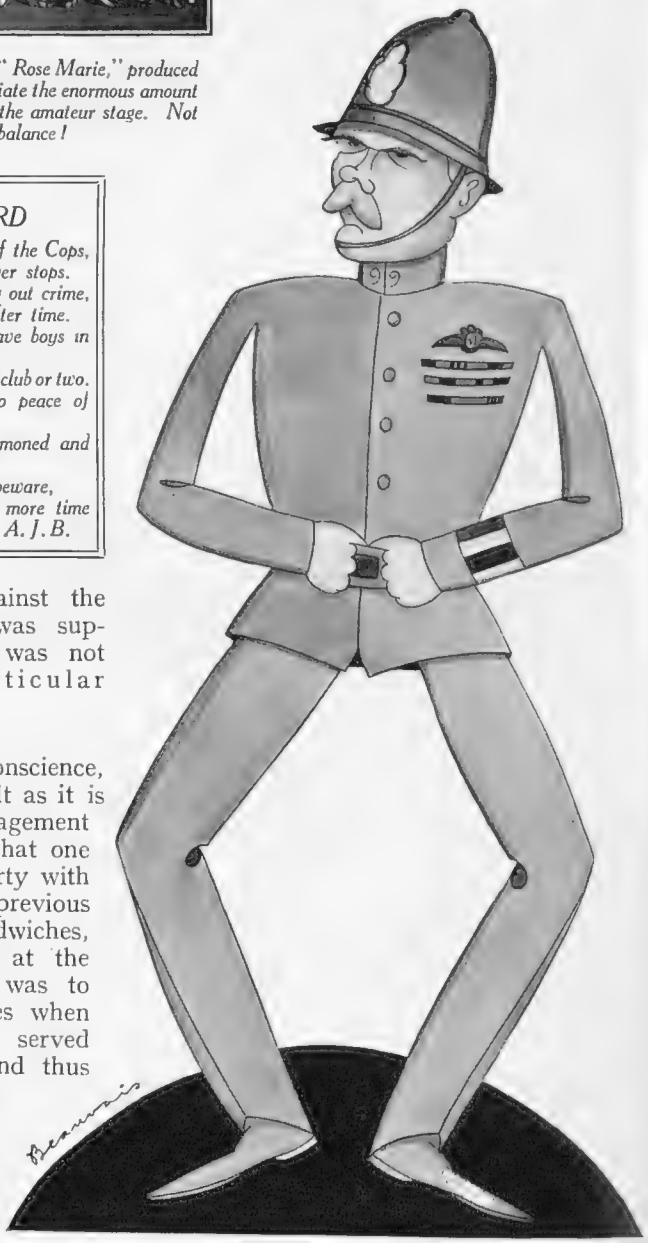
LORD TRENCHARD

I'm Terrible Trenchard, the King of the Cops,
I'm always on duty, my work never stops.
I've been highly successful at wiping out crime,
Hardly anyone now has a drink after time.
I'm as fearless and bold as my brave boys in blue,
Who think nothing of raiding a nightclub or two.
I'm the motorists' menace, with no peace of mind,
Till I've had every car-owner summoned and fined.
Assassins and burglars had better beware,
I shall be after them, when I've more time to spare.

A. J. B.

A WICKED action in all conscience, but read on. Difficult as it is to believe, the club management was so devoid of shame that one of the waiters served a party with some "spiritous liquor" previous to the arrival of the sandwiches, which were also ordered at the same time. Worse still was to follow! Those sandwiches when they *did* arrive were not served with knives and forks, and thus did not constitute a meal within the meaning of the Act. But I have said enough to show how right is the Chief Commissioner to keep his eyes skinned to such disgraceful scenes such as these which make London a byword of dissolute behaviour and bring foreign undesirables in shoals to the gayest city in the world!

JOKING apart, how can foreigners be expected to come to England, and how can licensees be expected to conduct their business satisfactorily to their guests when such silly restrictions emanating from the police, for whom Sir Herbert Samuel at the Home Office is responsible, continue to enforce regulations made in war time? The whole matter should be fought out in the House of Commons—and with the gloves off!



By Beauvais

BY LINDSAY CABLE

"At last I have discovered where my husband spends his evenings"
"However did you find out?"
"Oh, I came home early one night and found him here!"

AT THE PLAY

TWO SUCCESSFUL SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

SKETCHES BY H. H. HARRIS

CEDRIC HARDWICKE AT THE GLOBE

As Churdles Ash in "The Farmer's Wife," as seen by H. H. Harris. He is described by our dramatic critic as "by far our cleverest character actor of the younger school"

"THE FARMER'S WIFE," which has been revived for a short season at the Globe Theatre, does not date much because it is purely a Phillpotts' fairy tale completely divorced from real life. These rustics that we see are cast in a Phillpotts' mould which differs entirely from those living on the real Devonshire mould with which we are acquainted. Take a walk from Lynton to Plymouth if you enjoy that sort of stroll—which I don't—and I doubt whether a single Phillpotts' character would be encountered. With one exception, perhaps.

THAT exception is the part of Churdles Ash, played by Cedric Hardwicke, to whom the author should be extremely grateful. *The Farmer's Wife* was worth reviving, if only to show what this fine actor can do with what is really only a stock figure of farce. This revival is also of interest because it shows Cedric Hardwicke's amazing versatility. Would you recognise Churdles Ash in this farce as being played by the same actor who startled the town as the forbidding Mr. Barrett in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*?

IF acting is the concealing of one's own characteristics in the portrayal of another's, rather than perpetually to allow one's personality to exude over the footlights, then Cedric Hardwicke is by far our cleverest character actor of the younger school. The wonder is that, despite his amazing versatility and his ability to be entirely different in every part he plays, Cedric Hardwicke, whom my designing friend, H. H. Harris, here pictures, has made such a name for himself. The public finds it less strain to take to their bosom an actor who is always himself!

DON'T think I am contemptuous of the actor of personality, for personality is an exceedingly valuable asset. There is Bobby Howes, for instance, who, at the Saville Theatre, has made one of the successes of the season out of that play with music, *For Love of Mike*. Bobby's strong suit is humour. Look at his "phiz," which also adorns these pages. Does it not radiate

"CAVALCADE" AT

A scene from one of the season's successes, showing Alfred consternation in the domestic camp when, as a spirited member to be greeted by Ellen Bridges (Una O'Conn

ACTORS AND FOUR

By Vernon Woodhouse

humour, and good humour at that? But there is another facet to Bobby Howe's talent. Like all the best comedians who have ever trod the boards, he can be pathetic, an' he will. But as he gets paid a salary which is higher than that pouched by even a Law Officer of the Crown for being funny it is only to be expected that pathos is kept in the background.

WITH the cinema money-bags tempting many of our best actors and actresses to conceal themselves in celluloid for months at a time, not to mention authors like Frederick Lonsdale, who is lost to the stage by writing film scenarios, it is rather a joy to recall that the theatre can still hold its own, and a bit over, when providing spectacle which is the film's forte.

THREE other big successes still running in London have made their appeal thus. *White Horse Inn*, for instance, at the Coliseum. Here the cinema has been beaten at its own game. The film can provide spectacle, but not, as yet, spectacle in colour, and if you can tell me of anyone who actually prefers canned music and voices to the genuine article I should not like to meet him.

YET another outstanding theatrical success is *Cavalcade* at Drury Lane. I would venture a bet that each of these two shows have taken far more money during the course of their unfinished runs than any three picture-palace returns lumped together. *Cavalcade* is such a success that the book had the dubious distinction of being published serially in a daily paper. I believe that a very large sum was paid for this, and, frankly, the money was wasted.

FOR *Cavalcade* does not read well. Dramatist Noel Coward wrote it for the stage and not for the printing press, and he knows too much about the theatre to have wished it otherwise. He realised that verbal wit is wasted in a house the size of Drury Lane; he went out for broad effects in the picturing of a period and discarded the airy persiflage of his modern comedies. Result . . . well, see what vacant seats there are at Drury Lane, and you will be able to appreciate what the result it.

YET another spectacular success is *Waltzes from Vienna* at the Alhambra, where the Strauss music has knocked another nail into syncopation. There was a change in the cast here last Thursday, when Borghild Bodom took over the part of Resi. Her singing is of the grand opera type, but, unlike certain operatic singers, she combines a good voice with acting ability and good looks.

I HEAR that *While Parents Sleep*, at the Royalty, looks to be settling down into a success, and that the first-night laughter which I recorded last week is duplicated every evening as well as at matinée performances, which is an even more searching test. The daring dialogue is evidently much to the taste of a modern audience, and if you want to see what a clever actor can do with a part none too good I commend to your notice the work of Nigel Playfair.

"Whose Baby Are You?" at the Vaudeville Theatre

I CAN only find one fault with this farce. Farces should be funny. This isn't. V. W.

DRURY LANE

ridges (Fred Groves), formerly a butler, causes considerable f the C.I.V. he returns home after the South African War small offspring, and an admiring domestic staff

"FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE" AT THE SAVILLE

Bobby Howes and Viola Tree as they appear in another of the season's successes. Bobby Howes' value as a comedian has some attention paid to it this week by our dramatic critic, who says, that ". his face radiates humour and good humour at that"

MY WEEKLY THOUGHT

By Norman Thwaites

WITHIN the last few days have died several notable citizens in the industrial, banking, and newspaper world, whose lives were successful because they recognised Service to be the paramount pathway to achievement.

Sir Alfred Yarrow, the engineer, and Sir Herbert Hambling, the banker, were the architects of their own fortunes. Leonard Rees and Leo Maxse, journalists, were of like calibre in that their lives were devoted to service.

At a time when it is agreed that this country can only drag itself out of the present slough of despond by stern devotion to industry, ruthless efficiency and ungrudging service, the lives of these men should be an inspiration to our youth.

Unhappily, there is observable a species of snobbery among those who, in honourable service, should be immune from it. We read of humbler members of the Civil Service, and of those who gain a living in public departments, who resent being described by that honourable title of "servant." Post Office charwomen, inspired by the Union of Post Office workers, wish to be known as "women cleaners." Post Office sorters and Customs "rummagers" are restive under those titles. Domestic servants passionately proclaim their right to be labelled "helps." Thanks to our ostentatious but ineffective education, all too many of the ill-equipped aspire to the black-coated class, or even to the so-called learned professions.

And some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.

INCIDENTALLY, the May Economy Committee, which has been almost entirely ignored, drew attention to the fact that charwomen, messengers, etc., in Government offices had increased in number from 13,296, costing £664,000 in 1914, to 17,396, costing nearly £2,000,000 in 1930. The expansion of the Civil Service since the War is represented by a growth in numbers of employed from 57,706 to 120,418. Do not these figures suggest that eager service and desire for work are absent? It is one of our cant phrases that English workers are the best in the world. Are they?

IN America and Germany Service has been found to be the secret of successful commerce. Buy a typewriter, a motor car, or an aeroplane, and you will have a representative of the vendor on your doorstep every once in a while to enquire whether the machine is giving full satisfaction. If it is not, he will promptly make good. Furthermore, if a potential customer appears to be worth while the wise salesman will take infinite pains to cultivate him. He will be invited to visit the works.

The late Sir Alfred Yarrow, the famous ship-builder, whose death in his ninety-first year occurred recently, seen with Lady Yarrow. The photograph was taken at his Hampshire residence, "Green Meadows," at Andover

A car will fetch him and take him home.

Service, ever more service, is what counts. We are learning this—but slowly. A great department store manager has a set of maxims for his employees. Any departure from the teaching of these instructions means instant dismissal. He explained it to me. He said: "The principle for our staff to observe is this: Our customers are always right. Don't argue with a patron. Our clients may be half-witted, peevish, intolerant, ill-mannered boobs. That is their misfortune. Your business is to give them the impression that their peevishness is justified by your own stupidity; their intolerance due to your bone-headed mental processes, and their ill manners the result of your exasperating absence of intelligence. Get that, kid?"

I FANCY something similar obtains in the telephone service in America. I am told that two serious and well-authenticated complaints from subscribers and the operator goes. She is fired ruthlessly. In this gentler, less efficient country of ours the unhappy subscriber may complain till he is black in the face and his fingers equally black with inkstains as the result of his irate epistles of protest.

However efficient the head of a department himself, he and his inspectors, his supervisors and whatever other officials stand between the public and its servants, will parade in stalwart, unbending ranks, unanimous in defence of one of their colleagues. Their position within their dug-outs is unassailable; they have so consolidated their posts in what we are pleased to call the Civil Service that bureaucracy can sourly smile and grimly deny all efforts of their masters to reform what in process of time will become an even more sardonic joke than it is to-day.

IF I appear to have over-emphasised the Civil Service let me hasten to apply my observations to any great organisation which is content to muddle along with eyes and ears closed to reform and improvement. There are great houses of business whose founders adopted methods admirably suited to the needs of their time. Hence their success. All too often the methods of to-day are ill-adapted to the requirements of new customers. More enterprising manufacturers abroad, whose motto is service, are capturing markets which should be ours.

"Lend an attentive ear to the new idea" was the slogan of the great Canadian railway kings. I believe it was Sir Donald Mann who said: "I will always see a damn fool once." If ninety-and-nine were fruitless time-wasters the hundredth yielded the useful thought, the big idea. The great Andrew Carnegie surrounded himself with clever lieutenants and made millionaires of those in the ranks.

AMONG the blind the one-eyed man is king. Among colleagues who yield poor service in any branch of human endeavour, how brilliantly shines the man or woman who is quite determined to give himself or herself the pleasure of offering cheerful service. How easy to overtop the grudging sluggard, with eyes on the clock, who abhors the word service and resents the exigencies of the particular patron or the urgent employer.

One can recall cases of ill-equipped people, possessing the one talent of smiling goodwill, who have miraculously made progress, and risen to successes which have been the surprise and despair of better-brained but peevish persons who fell by the wayside.

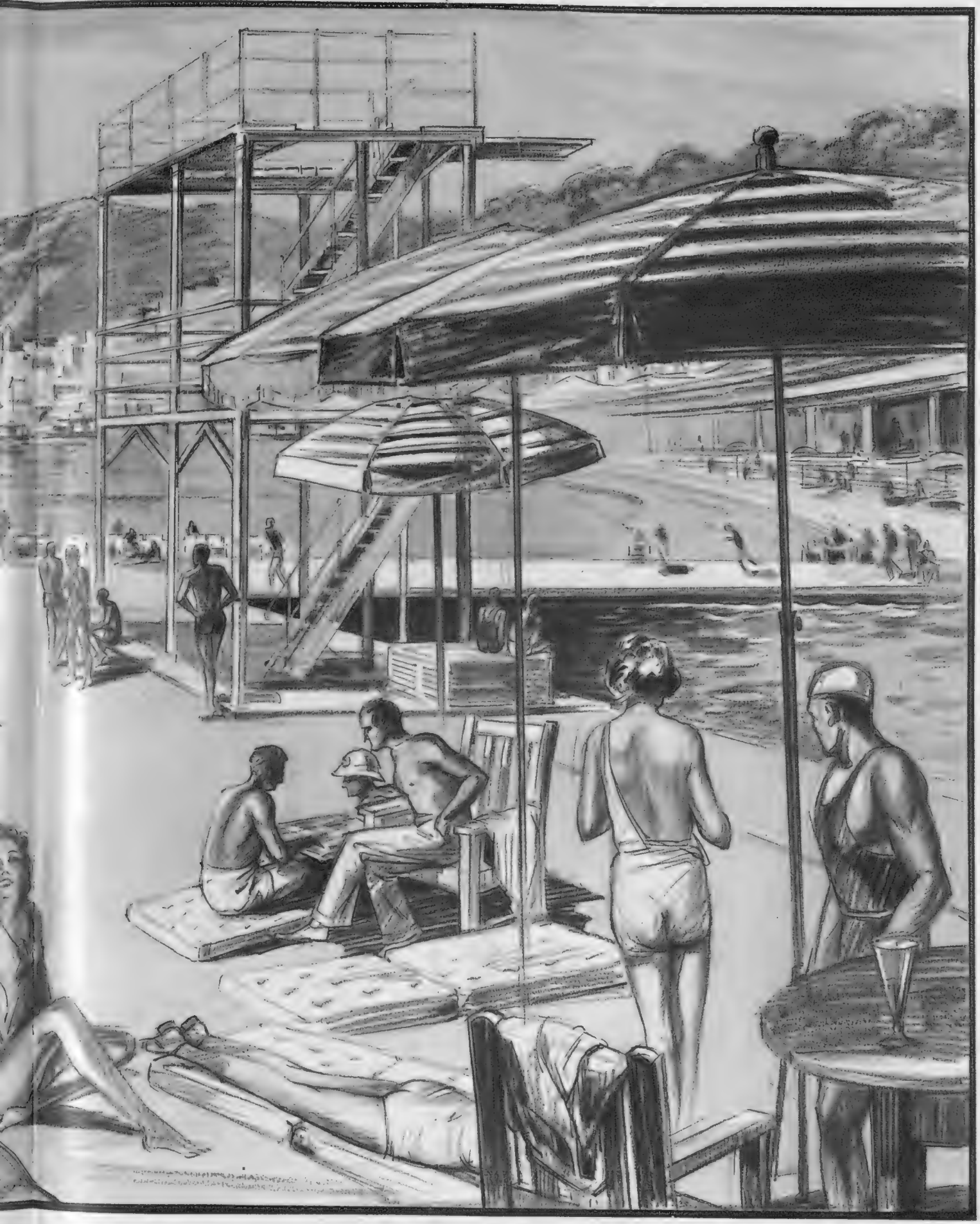
"THE horse you sold me last week is a fine animal, but I can't get him to hold his head up."

"Oh, that's because of his pride. He'll hold it up all right as soon as he's paid for!"

One of the Brethren of the Hospice of St. Cross, near Winchester, in a quiet corner of the old garden. Here is daily served the Wayfarer's Dole, consisting of a piece of bread and a horn of beer, to all who knock at the door of the Porter's Lodge before a certain hour

A "TANNERY" ON THE M

The Sun-worshipper can find few haunts more ideal than Monte Carlo, where visitors from all over Europe have been e above all facilities are to be found. The gorgeous Pompeian bathing-pool for the swimmer and cool, shady arcades for the le La Turbie Rock, towering over the



By Houghton

HE MEDITERRANEAN SHORE

ve been enjoying a warmth phenomenal even for the sunny Côte d'Azur; and at the wonderful new bathing beach pictured for the less energetic, and the sumptuous restaurant and bar, are all among the attractions. In the background can be seen g over the town and sheltering the bay

RIVIERA TOPICS OF THE HOUR

M. H. Vasselle, who won the section devoted to cars of over 11,000 c.c. in the recent Monte Carlo Rally, seen beside his machine, a 3-litre Hotchkiss, after his arrival. He started from Umea, in Sweden

A corner of one of the terraces at Monte Carlo, showing some of the cars which took part in the recent Rally. Expert drivers from many countries competed in this annual dash to Monte Carlo

The location of the spot where Julius Cæsar wrote or dictated his accounts of the Gallic Wars and his relations with the Germanic tribes has long been something of a mystery, but excavations during the rebuilding of the Hotel Majestic, at Nice, have established one of the places as being on Cimiez Hill. A modern admirer of the great soldier is seen above reading his works in the gardens adjoining the hotel

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

VALUES

by Lesley Storm

Illustrated by LEO BATES

AN exquisite ormolu clock ticked on the mantelpiece. A half-burned log in the open fire fell as gently as a sigh. The muted sound of London's traffic rising from Curzon Street was smothered in the folds of faded velvet curtains which for years had shut out with equal imperturbability the darkness and the problems of a disturbing age. They were not given to facing problems in that galère. They were, by virtue of breeding, masters of that profound mental inertia which is like a red flag to the modern bull.

Nevertheless the silence in the room was sombre and bitter.

"The *Evening Standard*," came Lady Hallam's brittle voice, "calls it a romance. Large headlines. Romance of young heir to Earldom."

Her husband sank deeper in his chair until his chin rested on his shirt-front. "Huh," was all he said.

"How could he, Arthur? In the face of all our warnings and entreaties!"

"My dear, there are more marriages committed during temporary insanity than there are suicides."

"But suicide is an end. Marriage is a beginning!"

The clock chimed the half-hour and ticked on. The soft flame of the logs flickered ironically in two pairs of staring, preoccupied eyes.

"I wonder where they've gone?" he said presently.

"They flew to Paris. There's a photograph of them in to-night's paper. I have it here." Lady Hallam produced a folded newspaper from behind the cushion of her chair and handed it across to him.

"It's on the middle page," she said.

He opened it and fixed his eyeglasses more firmly on his nose. They were staring him in the face—a tall, good-looking boy with a slim, laughing girl on his arm. In the background was the impatient silver of an aeroplane. By now they would be in Paris. Good God! Hugo married!

"Have you read what it says?" she asked.

He had been staring at Hugo, and from Hugo to the laughing face of the girl beside him. It was just as if one's son had gone over to an alien army—an enemy army. She was the potential enemy even as she smiled up into Hugo's face.

He read the lines beneath. "Viscount Charleton, only son and heir of the Earl of Hallam, leaving Croydon for Paris with his bride, Miss Jane Hudson, the well-known musical comedy actress."

"Is she well known?" he asked, cryptically.

"Comparatively. Monica tells me she has been on the stage for ten years."

"And ten years ago Hugo was eleven."

"It's dreadful! Dreadful!"

She dabbed her eyes with a linen handkerchief. "It's not that I object to Hugo's marrying an actress. It's just that I object to the actress being Jane Hudson."

THE ormolu clock ticked three years away with a detached and god-like patience. The velvet curtains had faded just another shade, and there were still logs in the fire, although less lavishly. The Earl had taken to wearing his dress shirts twice, and this was a second night. He looked a little like a waiter—one of the tarnished "extras" who come back to the limelight for Christmas and gala nights. Opposite him a young man in a lounge suit stretched his long legs half across the hearth-rug and blew smoke into the air.

"It's a very unfortunate affair, Hugo," said the Earl, who looked like a waiter. "In fact, unfortunate is an inadequate word."

"Try bloody!" Hugo suggested.

"It's not my kind of a word, though it's expressive enough. Would she consider divorcing you, do you think, if she's so zealous of her own virtue?"

"It's not so much her virtue. She just thinks of everything in terms of profit and loss. She is all right as things are. Her own flat, her photographs all over the place in the illustrated newspapers—Viscountess Charleton—she gets an incredible amount of kick out of that."

"It's extraordinary. Because nobody knows us. We're not what the Press calls 'Society' people."

"No. Thank God!"

"Couldn't you have her watched? I know it's beastly, of course . . ."

Hugo bit his lip. "I've thought of it. But that's about as far as one gets—thinking of it."

"I think you're over scrupulous, Hugo. Considering that you're dealing with an entirely unscrupulous person!"

"But my wife, nevertheless."

"I know. But to be quite unbiased Hugo, how can she run a Rolls on the allowance you give her? And how can she flash diamond bracelets up to her elbow and dress in the Rue de la Paix as your mother tells me? She has nothing of her own."

"It's common knowledge, of course."

"You mean Isler—Leon Isler?"

"Yes."

"Well, why doesn't she let a divorce go through and marry him?"

"He can't marry her. He's married already, but he doesn't live with his wife. I've met her. She's a member of the Horton Flying Club."

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[All the characters and incidents in this story are entirely fictitious.]

"So that she has nothing to gain—what with your name and his money?"

"I daresay she would prefer his name, too; she'd be sure of her caviare for the rest of her life. But he's not free, that's the snag. And never likely to be as far as one can gather from gossip."

"What a mess you young people make of your lives. Things like that didn't happen in my day. An isolated case here and there, perhaps."

"Perhaps it's life that makes rather a mess of us."

"I know it's difficult, materially."

"Not only that."

"Material difficulties don't account for the standard of morals."

"The standard of morals is not lower, Dad. Wider, but not lower."

"Wider nothing. There are rigid moral laws, my boy. You can't juggle with them."

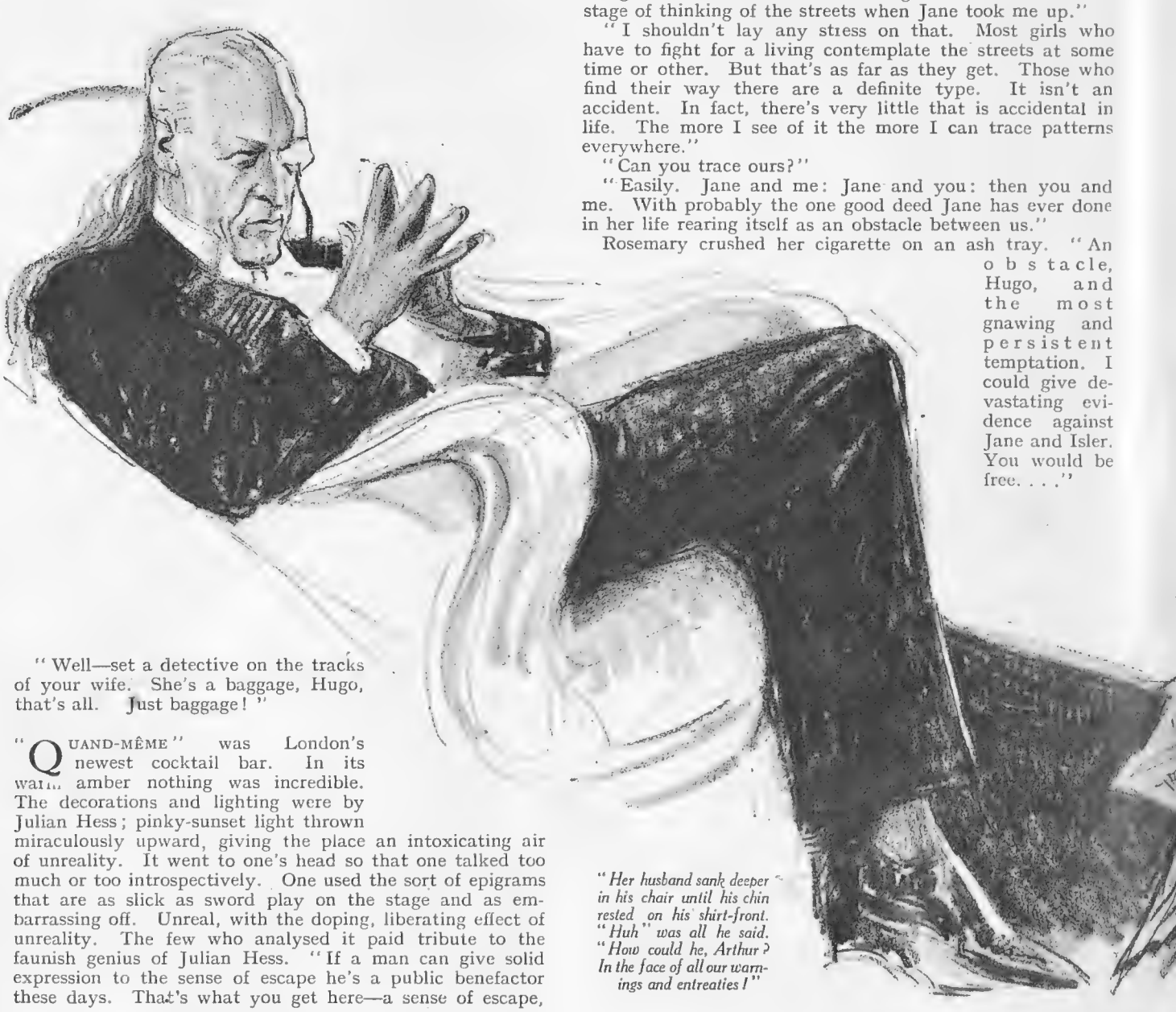
"The rigid law doesn't appeal to the present mentality. It's all to the good. People are beginning to discover that obedience to ancient moral laws is not the highest morality. Obedience is not virtue!"

"If it's not virtue it's safety and decency."

"Neither of which is high morality."

"Don't begin to pretend, Hugo, that you care a hoot for high morality."

"I don't. Just theoretically."



"Well—set a detective on the tracks of your wife. She's a baggage, Hugo, that's all. Just baggage!"

"QUAND-MÊME" was London's newest cocktail bar. In its warm amber nothing was incredible. The decorations and lighting were by Julian Hess; pinky-sunset light thrown miraculously upward, giving the place an intoxicating air of unreality. It went to one's head so that one talked too much or too introspectively. One used the sort of epigrams that are as slick as sword play on the stage and as embarrassing off. Unreal, with the doping, liberating effect of unreality. The few who analysed it paid tribute to the faunish genius of Julian Hess. "If a man can give solid expression to the sense of escape he's a public benefactor these days. That's what you get here—a sense of escape, even without the cocktails." Perhaps that was why someone else called it "The confession box." "Because," he said, "I never take a woman there but she tells me the story of her life."

In a remote corner a man and a girl were deep in an absorbing conversation. The girl was young and lovely. "Who's the girl with Charleton?" someone asked.

"Rosemary Barnes. A cousin of his wife's, or second cousin or something. They live together."

"Who lives together? Charleton and the girl?"

"No, Charleton's wife and the girl."

"Ambiguous."

"Not at all."

In the corner the girl was speaking in a low, soft voice. "You see, Hugo, Jane took me in when I literally hadn't a bean. I had no claim on her except a distant relationship. I wrote to her in the sort of despair that keys you up to anything. I never expected her even to answer my letter. But she came to see me."

"I know all that." Hugo's voice was impatient almost to anger.

"Well, think a minute. She took me in, paid for my training, and got me my first job in the chorus of the Hilarity. Then she kept on at Goldberg until he gave me a part—don't you see, Hugo, I owe everything to Jane."

Hugo smiled. "Not everything. Not hair like old amber and a face like the dawn."

Rosemary scarcely heard him. "Materially I owe everything. You don't understand, Hugo. I was even at the stage of thinking of the streets when Jane took me up."

"I shouldn't lay any stress on that. Most girls who have to fight for a living contemplate the streets at some time or other. But that's as far as they get. Those who find their way there are a definite type. It isn't an accident. In fact, there's very little that is accidental in life. The more I see of it the more I can trace patterns everywhere."

"Can you trace ours?"

"Easily. Jane and me: Jane and you: then you and me. With probably the one good deed Jane has ever done in her life rearing itself as an obstacle between us."

Rosemary crushed her cigarette on an ash tray. "An obstacle, Hugo, and the most gnawing and persistent temptation. I could give devastating evidence against Jane and Isler. You would be free. . . ."

"Her husband sank deeper in his chair until his chin rested on his shirt-front. "Huh" was all he said. "How could he, Arthur? In the face of all our warnings and entreaties!"

"Don't dangle it in front of my eyes, darling. I can't bear it. I adore you—worship you—want you terribly. I'd break every commandment to get you. I'd kill or steal or bear false witness. . . ."

"It wouldn't be false witness in this case, Hugo. It would be quite damningly true. But such a Judas sort of thing to do."

Hugo frowned.

"I know. But balance against that all that she's doing to us."

"But she doesn't know, Hugo. She doesn't realise that it's serious. It just amuses her rather. She thinks we're having an affair of sorts."

"Good God! I couldn't have an affair with you."

"It doesn't look as if there can ever be anything else, Hugo."

"There must be."

Rosemary sighed.

Hugo leaned across the table. "Darling, it's time people realised that their chief work in the world is their own life. They've got to get away from maxims and realise that it's 'golden not to have any rule at all.' Scruples like yours are just the dregs of all the maxims that have gone on for centuries. There's one straight road in life, and that's the road that each one elbows out for himself. Literally with his elbows."

"But that's what I'm trying to do, Hugo. It's just that we've a different sense of values."

Hugo's face was flushed as he spoke again. "You're quite wrong, Romie. You're going the way of all women who don't love enough—the martyr way. When women really love they let nothing stand between themselves and their lover. A conscience least of all."

Romie flushed, too, but she said quietly, "It's so easy to generalise, Hugo. You are not me. You don't *know* all that Jane has done for me."

"No. But I know Jane. There's a motive behind everything she does."

"But what could have been her motive in taking me out of the dump where I was and letting me live with her?"

Hugo held back for a few seconds. He didn't want, he told himself, to say it. But it was of the nature of "Quand-même," to liberate. Presently it fell coolly, fastidiously, from his lips. "To put you in her debt, darling. You'd be a very convenient witness for the defence if an interfering

devil like me tried to put a spoke in Jane's golden but immaculate wheel."

Then, incredibly, Rosemary began to weep. So quietly that none but Hugo noticed it, and it was to him like a blow in the face. "Romie, darling," he whispered desperately, "come out and let's get in a taxi!"

JANE'S letter to Hugo was sent up to him in his afternoon mail. It came to his office in the City, he having cast his coat like so many of his kind and got down to the business of an Honest Living. Enclosed in the letter was a sheet of paper with the names of hotels and certain dates opposite. Beneath was scribbled: "I'm sorry I can't send you the bills, because they were naturally no concern of mine." Naturally, thought Hugo. "But these are the approximate dates, and any Sherlock Holmes worth his salt will do the rest."

Hugo stared and turned to the letter. It was dated the 17th, and this was the 20th. He looked at the postmark—12.30 to-day. But that was a detail. He read: "I'm doing this, Hugo, because I think you are in love with Romie, and because I am beginning to realise how selfish I am in standing in her way. I did so simply because I loathe the thought of a divorce court—the publicity and the scandal. If you see your solicitors at once they can, I believe, rush it through in time for the autumn term. The sooner the better, don't you agree? I hope you'll be very happy with Romie; there's no reason why you shouldn't be, she's a nice, simple little thing. What will happen to me I do not know at the moment—Leon, of course, is not free—but I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am doing my duty by you and her. Please see this through, Hugo, so that I can feel for once that I've done the decent thing."

It took a lot of believing. If a prisoner were suddenly to see the bars of his cell window spirited away it is doubtful whether he would immediately make for the window. Hugo felt a weakness of the knees and a compression round his throat. Then he laughed aloud and re-read the letter. "Loathe the thought of a divorce court—the publicity." He chuckled. "Doing my duty by you and her." He chuckled again. "For once I've done the decent thing." "Funny all this. Damn funny! . . . A nice, simple little thing . . . Romie." He was to meet Romie at the Savoy at six How the devil was a man to live until six?

He left the office early. He would go home, he told himself, and break the news to his father. In Lombard Street he hailed a taxi and sat back in it with his hands in his pocket, swimming in the luxury of a mind relieved.

In a traffic jam in the Strand the scarlet of the evening newspaper bills caught his eye. "Further Fall of the Pound"—well, who cared about that? "Mr. Charles Chaplin in the Witness-box." Who cared about that, either? "Airwoman-Wife of Well-known Financier Killed in Crash." Hard luck! Well-known financier? Who? He leaned out of the window and bought a paper.

He found it on the front page. "Word was received in London this morning that the Hon, Mrs. Blanche Isler, wife of Mr. Leon Isler, was killed when her machine crashed near El Pasa on her way from Florida to the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Isler was well known as an expert pilot and an intrepid flyer. . . ."

Poor woman!

AT Trafalgar Square Hugo again glanced at the letter. It was dated the 17th, but the postmark was to-day's. Clever Jane! Clumsy Jane! . . . but what did it matter, anyway? There was Romie and the best part of life ahead.

L. S.

Stage Photo Co.

Binnie Hale as she appears in the "Mona Lisa" number in "Bow Bells." This revue is now pealing merrily at the Hippodrome, where it is a firmly established favourite

Stage Photo Co.

BORGHILD BODOM

The Norwegian prima donna, who is now playing the leading rôle in that persistent musical-play success, "Waltzes from Vienna," at the Alhambra. She takes the part of the pastrycook's daughter who is loved by young Strauss

The Hon. Patrick Balfour and Lady Dorothy Lygon

A WEEK-END AT MADRESFIELD COURT

The Hon. Hugh Lygon and Lady Mary Lygon with Luke and Grainger

Lady Dorothy Lygon with a Scottish gentleman named Hamish

THE 1932 DEBUTANTE: By the Hon. Patrick Balfour

You could never describe Patricia as a "bud." She is anything but. Rather is she a hothouse bloom. Yet "hothouse" is not altogether the word for her, either, for she hardly leads a sheltered life. It would have suited Diana better, the "deb" of the 'twenties. Diana was a bud; but a hothouse bud. An English rambler rose, but carefully protected from the world by parental care. Patricia is a gardenia; not grown under glass, but a hardy gardenia, braving the worldly elements.

Nineteen, slim and chic. The latest Paris frock and a spray of orchids. Jewellery which is large and "amusing." A neat little head adorned by a windblown bob. A good deal of make-up, but an expression which is anything but mask-like. Eyes brimming with vitality. That is Patricia.

She is full of contradictions: confident in her manner, yet ingenuous still; hard-boiled on the surface, yet naïve in her enthusiasms. Without a doubt she is engaging; and cast in how different a mould from the shy and delicately nurtured Diana of the 'twenties!

You see, chaperonage is a luxury which the dowager of the 'thirties (*Dowager*, indeed!) cannot afford. She *sends* rather than *brings* her daughter out. It costs too much to heat the greenhouses, so she plants out her buds straight away and hopes for the best.

Hence Patricia.

His Lordship and Her Ladyship have sold the Belgrave Square house and inhabit a flat. "*Too* poky, my dear; the size of a *band*box!" Her Ladyship has neither the space nor the money to give parties for Patricia; nor has she the leisure to cart her round to other people's. So she must find her own fun, and the more she's out of the flat the better. If she picks up with wops and garage mechanics, well, that's her own funeral.

Diana only married a latchkey. Patricia has one at nineteen. She has her tiny bedroom in the flat and pops in and out independently of Mamma. Sometimes, if Mamma is out, she has a girl-friend in to lunch or a chap to dine. "That is, if you don't mind the food, darling. It's *too* uneatable. But it'll cost you nothing, and as we're all *so* much up a gum tree about money and things a free meal's not to be sneezed at. Or is it? I'll order eggs and bacon."

Sometimes Patricia gives a cocktail party. Either Mamma is out, or else she and Mamma give a cocktail party together. This is usually rather a success, as Mamma's chaps hit it off with Patricia's girl-friends and Patricia's chaps with Mamma. Not that Her Ladyship and Patricia poach on each other's preserves much.

All sorts of people come to Patricia's cocktail parties: comedians and American actresses, and a Jew film man Patricia is hoping to get a job out of; and a novelist or two, and all the gossip-writers, and that divine young man she met at the Blue Lantern, who's promised to play the piano; and a good many "young marrieds" with each other's complimentary halves; and, last, but not least, Patricia's pet speed king, who has entirely supplanted the dashing cavalry officer and the big game hunter in the affections of modern womanhood.

"And, my dear, Quaglino has lent me a divine barman to mix the cocktails. He's *so* my kind of man, Quaglino; like a sort of woolly bear. He's given me a tray of lovely little things to eat, all for nothing. You *must* have one and spoil your appetite for dinner. Isn't it amazing how many people you *can* get into this awful little flat if you try? I'm sure the floor will go at any moment. It never has been safe; won't it be awful?"

Patricia enjoys her Press. She makes no bones about it. The only thing that will infuriate her about this article is that I have given her a false name. She can't *bear* the sort of people who pretend they hate publicity and are really cadging for it all the time. James is always too sweet, and gives her a good write-up. "But, darling, what I simply *must* do is to advertise one of those face-creams. You get £200 for it. At least, Sylvia did, and surely I'm better publicity than that old drab. Don't you know *anybody* who can fix it for me? Because it's *such* Gehenna, all these bills coming in. I owe Calvé £300, and I'm being writted right and left. I *must* get money somehow; it would be *so* chilly to go on the streets. Why doesn't Molyneux or someone offer to

(*Continued on page 236*).

A Portfolio of Fashion

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

THIS charming portrait of Miss Diana Beaumont, who is at present playing in "While Parents Sleep," shows her wearing a brown woollen suit from Rahvis. The double-breasted coat is collarless but with it is worn a white and coral coloured woollen scarf and the brown woollen gloves have enormous gauntlets of the same material. A matching jumper with a square neckline in front and no sleeves completes this attractive ensemble for early spring wear.

Photograph by Shaw Wildman

Some Well-known their

The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant

THE Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, who is well-known to playgoers as Hermione Baddeley, changes the style of her coiffure very often. Her newest whim is a short hair-cut with a smooth curl combed over her forehead, an excellent accompaniment to the small hat of blue and black felt from Swerling in which she is seen here

Lady Moira Combe

LADY MOIRA COMBE, who is the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Clonmel, has recently had her hair cut very short and curled and brushed forward in the newest way, which suits her to perfection. Her small black hat comes from Miss Swerling and has a shallow crown tied with a black satin bow over the left eye

A VERY new and very smart version of the draped béret, which comes from Lady Victor Paget, has been chosen by Miss Rose Bingham. It is carried out in a new shade of red felt and is typical of this season's hats which are far more important, and also far more becoming than they have been for some time

Miss Rose Bingham

Women in New Hats

Sketches made specially for "The Bystander" of some Prominent Personalities in the Hats they have chosen to wear this Spring

Sketches by SIMON

Miss Penelope Ward

MISS Penelope Ward, the lovely daughter of Mrs. Dudley Ward, will make her début next season when several large entertainments will be given in her honour. Here she is seen in a new type of sports hat from Lady Victor Paget, which has no less than five brims of novelty material and a crown of plain yellow jersey

MRS. Gerard d'Erlanger, who is better known as Mrs 'Pops' d'Erlanger and still better known under her maiden name of Edythe Baker, has hair of the fashionable platinum blonde cut very short and only slightly curled. Her little turban from Norah Crampton is of black velvet with two ends caught by a diamond pin

Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie Hamilton's House in Tufton Street, Westminster

STYLES in decoration are almost as changeable as those of fashion, and most people are still undecided as to which style of decoration they prefer—the old or the new.

Mrs Charles Baillie Hamilton's delightful new house in Westminster is a happy compromise between both extremes. Just the right size for informal entertaining, it is full of striking and original ideas, for instance the long drawing-room is entirely carried out in a tricolour scheme—red, white, and blue—"My patriotic colour scheme!" as she calls it.

The walls have been painted and varnished a dark "evening sky" blue, and the ceiling a light cream. The floor is of light polished wood so that it can be used for dancing, and all the furniture has been upholstered in an attractive linen printed in a red, white, and blue design. The fireplace has been painted dead white, and the tall windows have been turned into the chief decorative feature of the room.

The Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie Hamilton

These windows have pelmets made of white painted wood, and curtains of red satin. At night, instead of drawing the curtains, the windows are shaded with white Venetian blinds, bound with red. In contrast to the drawing-room, the dining-room is furnished in "period" style. The walls are panelled in waxed pine, and the chair covers and curtains are made of a charming small patterned pink and green glazed chintz. The only modern note is Sickert's portrait of Winston Churchill, which hangs above the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Baillie Hamilton prefers informal entertaining and often allows each guest to wait on himself. All the dishes are placed on a side table from which guests help themselves. Usually there is a slight choice of food to choose from, there will be a large dish of fried sausages with fried bread, another one of fried eggs and bacon, and probably a dish of fried potatoes, mushrooms and tomatoes. And lots of beer!

Another special feature of the house is the cocktail bar and study at the top of

The dressing table was specially designed for Mrs. Baillie Hamilton, and is carried out in glass and metal

The dining-room (left) has no note of modernity other than the Sickert over the mantelpiece, but the drawing-room (right) is entirely modern and is carried out in a red, white and blue colour scheme

At the top of the house is an attractive small room which is both bar and study. The walls are panelled in natural sycamore, and the comfortable chairs and broad settee are covered in beige silk

the house. This room is entirely panelled in natural sycamore and a bar, lined with mirrors, has been set flush into one wall. The comfortable chairs and settee of modern design are covered in beige silk.

Mrs. Baillie Hamilton's bedroom is carried out in a scheme of apricot, and she has a new and most efficient dressing table, made of metal and glass, set in front of the window. But the outstanding piece of furniture in the room is the bed itself, which is absolutely huge and takes up one whole wall of the room. It is covered in a lovely apricot and gold brocade which matches the curtains.

Fresh, original and up-to-date, this house is a perfect setting for its attractive young owner.

DEREK PATMORE

Round The Town
by Jane Gordon

EVEN the most ardent cockney has to bow down to the criticism that London is inclined to be a little dreary on Sunday night. The talkies are stale; most of the restaurants are dead; and drinks stop at 10. All this we have to admit. There is, however, one place which is really amusing, and that is Quaglino's. The part of the restaurant where it is not necessary for one to be changed is filled with people who have been spending the day in the country. The other Sunday Miss Norah Tracey was there in a long fur coat, and a cap and jumper suit of orange-coloured suède that looked extraordinarily well with her red hair and pale complexion. Mrs. Michael Wardell looked very smart, after a day in the country, in a thick, brownish striped tweed coat and hat with red bobbles of wool woven into it. There were several other women wearing long navy blue coats and blue and white spotted silk scarves tied like cravats.

COLOURED pearl earrings are coming into fashion again. Boucheron has a lovely pair with pear-shaped drop pearls—one black and one white—on long diamond earrings. I do not remember seeing earrings of this kind since Mariota Lady Wilton died several years ago. She had three lovely round pearls, one black, one white, and one rose-pink, which could be screwed on to her earrings so that she could wear combinations of either a black and pink, or black and white, or pink and white. Boucheron also has an interesting necklace which is half pearls, half diamonds. The back part of the necklace is made entirely of diamonds, and the front part consists of several strings of pearls.

SEA-WAVE blue is the new colour that Hermine is using for the coming season's undies. These consist of the most entrancing chiffon chemises and pants, nightgowns and cami-knickers, all in this lovely shade that she has had dyed specially for her. She is the Vionnet of lingerie houses, and, like Vionnet models, almost all of her undies are cut on the cross, so that, no matter whether they are of satin, crêpe de Chine, or chiffon, they cling to the figure. She also has a very clever method of shaping the lace tops of nightgowns or chemises to fit the figure, which prevents them having that strained look. There is no material in the world so pretty as chiffon for underclothes, but you must be careful where you try to buy them. I shall never forget asking for chiffon nightgowns in the lingerie department of one shop. A middle-aged woman standing next to me drew herself up and looked at me as if I were a fallen woman, and the saleswoman made the kind of speech that one might have expected from Dean Inge.

Elwin Neame

MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE

A new portrait of one of the best known of the Younger Set in Society, who before her marriage was Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere. Her husband is the son of Mrs. Drury-Lowe, of Locke Park, Derby

THIS has been a week of fancy dress fashions. Two young women were lunching together at the Ritz the other day, and one was dressed like a 1912 fashion plate. She wore an ankle-length dress of deep mauve cloth made on the hobble skirt lines; a shoulder cape of black sealskin, and a toque tilted over one eye. The girl with her wore a green crêpe de Chine dress with an orange belt, and a beret on the back of her head. A woman with another party was also rather "1912" dressed in a tan-coloured coat and skirt. The skirt was almost ankle-length, and finished with a deep knife-pleated frill. Mrs. Oppenheimer was at a restaurant the following night dressed in a striped, old-fashioned silk gown with flowers on it, made with a tight bodice, a very full skirt, a sash, and a berthe of lace.

FUR coats are very tricky. Inexpensive fur does not look well unless it is made up into jackets. The only smart long fur coats are those made of mink, sable, or ermine. Girls and young married women have bravely decided this winter that it is better to wear jackets rather than be dowdy in second-rate long coats. Mrs. Derek Murphy was the smartest woman shopping in Bond Street the other day, dressed in a black sealskin jacket, a black skirt, a scarlet woolly jumper, and a round black felt hat; and Miss Sally Lindley was extremely smart at Mrs. Kenneth Richards' cocktail party, wearing a black astrakhan jacket made on the Schiaparelli lines and fastened with braided "frogs."

THE BELVOIR MEET AT GARTHORPE

Left : The field moving off from Garthorpe for the first draw at a recent meet of the Belvoir, which attracted a big field

Above : The Countess of Kimberley (left) chatting to Mrs. Vaughan. Her husband, who succeeded to the Earldom last month, was very well known in polo circles all over the world as Lord Wodehouse

Right : The Countess of Ancaster and Lady Warrender discussing the prospects of the day's sport before hounds moved off from Garthorpe at one of last week's meets

Above : The Earl of Sefton waiting for hounds to move off. Formerly in the Royal Horse Guards, he is a keen and enthusiastic rider to hounds

FLYING NOTES

THE MAIL 'PLANE CONTRACT

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

One of the new supercharged Rolls-Royce-engined Hawker-Hart day bombers going all out. It was in this machine that Mr. Jerry Sawers of the Hawker Aircraft Co. recently flew from Gosport to Brooklands, a distance of 53 miles, in ten minutes.

Capt. Costes (right), the famous French airman, congratulating MM. Robida and Codos on their arrival in Paris after setting up a new record for the flight from Indo-China. They accomplished the journey in three days and four hours.

An Air Express

DISAPPOINTMENT over the suspension of the contract for our Transatlantic flying boat has been allayed somewhat by the decision to proceed at once with the construction of an express mail carrier. The contract has been placed with Boulton and Paul, of Norwich, and the designer of the successful machine in the Air Ministry competition is Mr. John North. Contrary to the practice abroad, the machine will have two engines and will be capable of flying on any one with a load of two pilots and 1,000 lbs. of mail at a height of 5,000 ft. Its top speed will approximate to 200 miles an hour, and it will cruise at more than 150. This is quite definitely the type which is needed on the Empire routes, and the experience of Messrs. Boulton and Paul in producing for many years the only twin-engined bombing and fighting machines used by the Royal Air Force is a guarantee of success. It will be some years before mail services and those for passenger traffic are separated, but eventually this must take place, and the general-purpose machine carrying all classes of traffic will be used, as far as mail is concerned, only for matter of secondary importance consigned at a cheap rate. The new machine will be fitted with air-cooled engines, a type which has become universally popular since the War. Imperial Airways have fixed the duration between overhauls for their Lynx engines in the Avro Ten machines at 600 hours—an amazing tribute to their reliability. Those used up to date have covered 347,000 miles without an involuntary stop or late departure.

Local Events

THE "Brighter Sunday" movement is to be supported at Brooklands, where fortnightly demonstrations are being arranged, commencing at an early date, when the new club-house is to be formally declared open. The Brooklands School has taken over the Cinque Ports Club at Lympne, which will be of considerable benefit to the latter in the way of maintenance for machines and the supply of instructors during the busy summer months. Mr. S. A. Thorn and Mr. George Lowdell are giving instruction in blind flying at Brooklands, where many pupils have enrolled recently. The membership at Hanworth has been reinforced by more than a hundred recruits to the newly formed Royal Naval Flying Club, which held a dinner and dance to celebrate the happy event of its birth. Members should note, by the way, that admission to Hanworth is now restricted to those carrying their membership badges and, in the case of guests, to those supplied with official vouchers.

Those Moths Again

THE latest product of the de Havilland Company is the Tiger Moth, designed for training, with a full aerobatic certificate. A number of this type has already been supplied to the Royal Air Force at home, and Capt. Broad has made several flights to European countries where the Governments are considering the replacement of older equipment. In Norway the Tiger Moth is to be built under licence at the State Aircraft Factory, and will be fitted with Gipsy engines imported from England. Machines with Gipsy engines have been sold during recent months to Portugal, Sweden, China, Iraq, and Egypt, and in the case of Brazil fifteen machines are being dispatched complete with military gear, cameras, and wireless apparatus. The Tiger Moth is a great advance over many training machines used in the Air Forces, because it is no larger than the well-known Gipsy Moth tourer, and is therefore extremely economical to operate. The fact that de Havillands have established a service organisation in every important country in the world is of tremendous value to British aviation, and I suppose it would be quite true to say that the Moth has done more for British trade than any other machine.

A New Type?

Concerning new types from the house of de Havilland, about which there have been many rumours of late, it is safe to say that nothing of interest to clubs or the private owner will be produced for some considerable time for the very good reason that the firm is carrying out full-scale tests with several different models before standardising on any one. Reductions in price will come with increased sales, particularly those made in the Dominions, Colonies, and foreign countries where the need for aircraft is growing owing to the lack of alternative methods of rapid transport. As air taxis, Moths are in demand even over regularly operated air routes, because special flights can be made more quickly than by air line. A Puss Moth reached Broken Hill from Nairobi, a distance of 1,200 miles, in 11½ hours, continuing to Johannesburg the next morning—this trip takes three days by air mail.

MEWSINGS IN MAYFAIR

Mrs. George Mitchell (left) and Lady Lindsay-Hogg, who is so well known on the stage as Miss Frances Doble, in the charming bedroom of Grosvenor Cottage, formerly an old stable

One of the latest hobbies in Society is to find an old stable in one of the many Mayfair mews and convert it into what the house agents would call an "ideal bijou residence." Mrs. George Mitchell recently bought an old stable for this purpose and the result is seen in the accompanying photographs

Mrs. Mitchell at the gates leading into the hall of Grosvenor Cottage. She spent £10,000 in converting and decorating the premises

The outside of Grosvenor Cottage, off Culross Street, in Mayfair, as it is to-day. The former stable has undergone a metamorphosis as charming as it is startling, and is now a palace in miniature

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

NEW HISTORY & STRANGE CRIMES

By "JUNIUS"

WHEN you recall the political situation of not so many years ago there is more than a suggestion of the unexpected in an introduction by Viscount Snowden to the biography of an English king. But we live in Jules Verne-ish and Lewis Carroll times. Journeying by air or under the water are commonplaces, and Socialistic opinions are becoming almost a high road to the peerage. Lord Snowden, we know, stands for democracy, and this doubtless explains his introduction to Miss Grace E. Thompson's *The Patriot King: The Life of William IV* (Hutchinson: 12*s.* 6*d.*). He considers her book an "illuminating work on the social and political life and events of a period which saw the beginnings of modern democracy."

Marcus Adams

MRS. DOROTHY HORSMAN

With her little son, Richard. She has just written her first novel, entitled "Justice Gay," which Messrs. T. Werner Laurie are publishing shortly

AFTER reading Miss Thompson's book I think most people will agree with Lord Snowden. "Illuminating" is the proper and descriptive word. History books, and the memoir writers of the time, have given us the impression that William IV was a distinctly silly old man, who, after anything but a brilliant career in the Navy, retired into neglect and obscurity—unusual for a Royal Prince—for forty years to become the father of a quiverful of illegitimate children by Mrs. Jordan, the actress. "Nobody ever invited him into their house or thought it necessary to honour him with any mark of attention or respect."

MISS THOMPSON makes one interesting point which every other historian of that period has missed. Their opinion of William IV has been clouded by his silly, long-winded speeches on all and every occasion—his lack of regal dignity, such as "He strolls about the streets and gossips with the passers-by. He goes to the guard-room and shows the officers his ink-stained fingers." She shows how this simple sailorman swept away many of the iniquities which were regarded as everyday matters under his brother, George IV, and reformed manners, morals, the Navy, and, most important of all, Parliament. The Reform Bill was as momentous in English history as the Civil War and the Revolution. You should read Miss Thompson to learn the part William IV played in that great struggle.

HIS loyalty to the Navy never ceased. "Any small job in his household that might be vacant the King picked up for stray Admirals, of whom he always had a store." Two of his first orders after his accession were promotions and extra grog for the Navy. And for all his seeming stupidity Miss Thompson shows us that William was far ahead of his time in political understanding. He wanted to abolish the two contending political parties of Whig and Tory and form a national government composed of all parties for the good of the State.

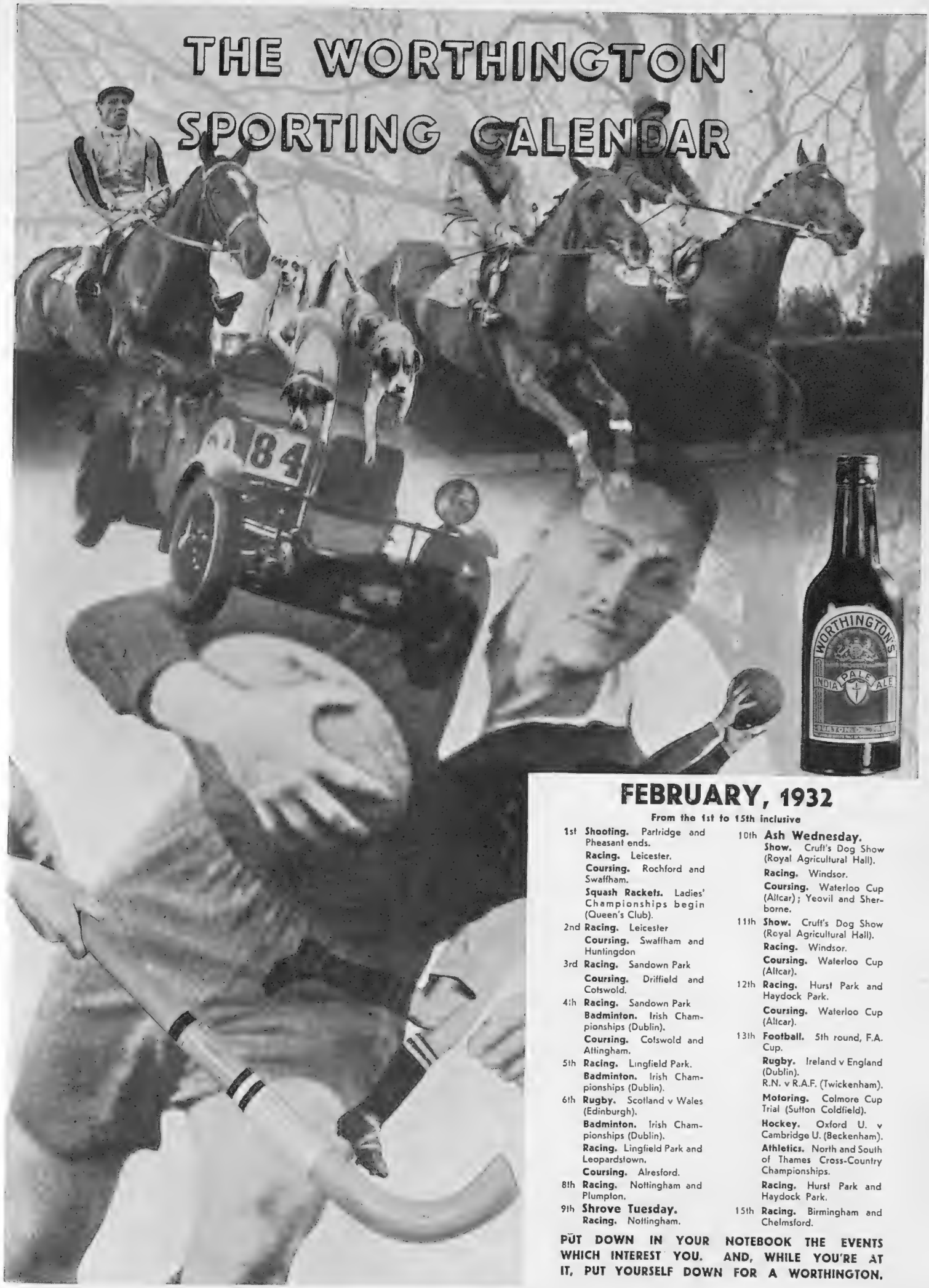
This reproduction of the portrait of William IV, after Sir William Archer Shee, forms the frontispiece to "The Patriot King," by Grace E. Thompson. It is published by Hutchinson at 12s. 6d.

MR. GODFREY WINN has the gift, unusual in so young a writer, of depicting feminine character; and in *The Unequal Conflict* (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*) has given us masterly studies of two widely differing types of women. The book is on a larger scale than anything Mr. Winn has done before, and he has succeeded brilliantly where failure might have been easy. It is the story of two sisters, Elizabeth and Judith Mitchell. Elizabeth, plain and unattractive, marries a poor clerk; Judith, beautiful and gentle, marries the son of a rich baronet. But it is to Elizabeth that wealth and happiness come, her commonplace husband making a fortune. Judith's husband turns out to be a cad. For years Judith bears an almost intolerable position until her daughter falls in love with Elizabeth's son. Mr. Winn has the gift of taking pains, and has expended as much care upon his minor characters as upon the two sisters holding the centre of the stage. A brilliant study of sharply contrasted personalities and the best book Mr. Winn has written.

A VEIL is lifted from the mentality of the East by *An Egyptian Childhood: the Autobiography of Taha Hussein* (Routledge: 6*s.*). The author is one of Egypt's leading scholars, who, despite his blindness, has been Professor of Arabic in the Egyptian University, and is now Dean of the Faculty of Arts, the first of his countrymen to hold that position. The autobiography covers the first thirteen years of his life, giving an account of Egyptian provincial customs and beliefs with a touching simplicity and charm. Dr. Taha Hussein has undergone considerable persecution in his native country by his Western methods of literary criticism, but he has overcome all opposition by the dauntless courage which is expressed on

(*Continued on page 236.*)

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



FEBRUARY, 1932

From the 1st to 15th inclusive

1st **Shooting.** Partridge and Pheasant ends.
Racing. Leicester.
Coursing. Rochford and Swaffham.
Squash Rackets. Ladies' Championships begin (Queen's Club).

2nd **Racing.** Leicester
Coursing. Swaffham and Huntingdon

3rd **Racing.** Sandown Park
Coursing. Driffield and Cotswold.

4th **Racing.** Sandown Park
Badminton. Irish Championships (Dublin).
Coursing. Cotswold and Attingham.

5th **Racing.** Lingfield Park.
Badminton. Irish Championships (Dublin).

6th **Rugby.** Scotland v Wales (Edinburgh).
Badminton. Irish Championships (Dublin).
Racing. Lingfield Park and Leopardstown.
Coursing. Alresford.

8th **Racing.** Nottingham and Plumpton.

9th **Shrove Tuesday.**
Racing. Nottingham.

10th **Ash Wednesday.**
Show. Cruft's Dog Show (Royal Agricultural Hall).
Racing. Windsor.
Coursing. Waterloo Cup (Altcar); Yeovil and Sherborne.

11th **Show.** Cruft's Dog Show (Royal Agricultural Hall).
Racing. Windsor.
Coursing. Waterloo Cup (Altcar).

12th **Racing.** Hurst Park and Haydock Park.
Coursing. Waterloo Cup (Altcar).

13th **Football.** 5th round, F.A. Cup.
Rugby. Ireland v England (Dublin).
R.N. v R.A.F. (Twickenham).
Motoring. Colmore Cup Trial (Sutton Coldfield).
Hockey. Oxford U. v Cambridge U. (Beckenham).
Athletics. North and South of Thames Cross-Country Championships.
Racing. Hurst Park and Haydock Park.

15th **Racing.** Birmingham and Chelmsford.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 234)

nearly every page of this engrossing book.

AMERICANS have a way of taking liberties with historical characters which does not always appeal to the English sense of humour. Consequently I have doubts as to whether English readers will find *Gentlemen in Hades: the Story of a Damned Debutante* (John Long: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Frederic Arnold Kummer, so "uproariously witty" as it is described on its jacket. Lavinia McGann is killed in a motor accident, and finds herself in "East Gehenna, a cheap and down-at-heels suburb of Hell's magnificent metropolis." She determines to improve her social position, and succeeds so well that she even reaches the infernal throne itself. Mr. Kummer peoples Hades with most of the outstanding figures of history, including Benjamin Franklin and Adam and Eve. This is a specimen of his humour. Adam and Eve give a party to which the aspiring Lavinia was bidden. The gathering made her feel that she was "rubbing shoulders with the very cream of Hell's Four Hundred." "When Eve receives her, she says, 'Hello, darling! So glad you could come. Shake hands with my husband.' 'Delighted,' murmured Lavinia, observing Adam's original costume with interest. He was, she thought, quite striking in his rugged simplicity." I'm afraid I can't see the humour.

HUNTING folk will read *John Peel* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by J. M. Denwood, with particular interest. You will remember the success of the author's *Red Ike*. John Peel's home, Mr. Denwood tells us in a foreword, was only a few miles from his own, and "John Peel's country is my country."

Mr. Godfrey Winn in a corner of his flat in Ebury St., S.W. His latest novel, "The Unequal Conflict" (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed by "Junius" this week

The novel is not a biography of Peel, but an account of some of the outstanding events of his life, as well as a description of Cumberland during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Mr. Denwood's impressions of the celebrated huntsman were gathered chiefly from his son Jonathan, so the novel has the added interest of actuality. It also gives the history of the famous song.

THERE are few novelists who can make ordinary, everyday surroundings so interesting as Miss Pamela Wynne. Nothing could be more ordinary than the house at Margate in which her heroine, Pauline Russell, in *Love in a Mist* (Philip Alan: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is faced with domestic troubles on a small income and the care of a selfish, neurotic husband. Into this dull, prosaic world comes Philip Brymer, a successful novelist, and in the end Pauline obtains the happiness she deserved. A pleasant book.

THERE are eleven stories in *Strange Crimes* (Hurst and Blackett: 10*s.* 6*d.*), by H. Ashton-Wolfe, and each one would provide a plot for a mystery "thriller." But they are true, drawn from the author's own experience. Of them all I found "The Devil's Telephone" the most creepy and amazing in its ghastly ingenuity. A jealous wife arranges that her husband shall be poisoned by her own coffin if he marries again. The mass of illustrations in the book show the exact science to which criminal investigation has been brought. For instance, an investigator can tell from a drop of blood whether it has fallen from a motionless person standing upright; from a person swaying drunkenly, or falling forward; from a wounded person running or walking. A book which will undoubtedly fascinate all those people who are interested in strange crimes.

"JUNIUS."

THE 1932 DEBUTANTE (continued from page 224)

dress me for nothing? I'd be a frightfully good advertisement. After all, I go what they call "Everywhere": to the Embassy and the Savoy, and the Café de Paris and the Bag of Nails. Not like poor Diana, when *she* came out. That old *creature*, Lady Harbottle, wouldn't let her go *anywhere*, except to awful Pont-street dances."

THE restaurants are very nice, and often ask her to come on gala nights and don't give her a bill at all. Still, with only £150 a year for clothes and tips and railway fares and everything, you can't help spending at least three hundred. Patricia simply doesn't know *what* she's going to do up that gum tree of hers. She'll have to go and bury herself in the country and escape from her creditors.

She and Mamma are always getting into trouble with Pop for leaving him all alone and not going down to the country. He even threatens to get rid of the flat altogether and make them all live permanently in the country. He can't afford it any more, he says. He *will* not realise that it comes cheaper in the end, as, of course, Patricia would have to be coming up all the time, and she'd spend so much money on railway fares and hotels; because one can't stay with people *all* the time.

"It's so *boring* in Dorset, and I just can't *tell* you what the neighbours are like. I simply haven't the face to ask people down. It wouldn't be fair. There's nothing on earth to do, unless you can afford to hunt, and Pop's let the shooting. And, anyway, all the things one does in the country are *such* Gehenna, like tennis and golf, and so on. Wouldn't it be awful to be a 'modern sports girl'? Of course, it's different for Pop as he's attached to the place. His ancestors lived there and everything."

REALLY, Patricia does find Pop a bit unreasonable. For one thing he objects to the gramophone, and Patricia never moves a *yard* without her H.M.V. Portable and all the new Victor records which an American beau has just sent her from New York. Then he won't have tiny Niersteiner in the house because he's so frightfully English and hates dachshunds, and says the poor sweet upsets his great big spaniels. Pop thinks the *New Yorker* a most unsuitable paper and, anyway, not half as funny as *Punch*. He can't see that Evelyn Waugh's books are funny. He objects to the way Patricia varnishes her finger-nails, and is always complaining of her friends and saying that she ought to get to know some decent, steady young fellows in a good regiment. They're the kind that make good husbands.

"But do they?" says Patricia. "Now, honestly, *do* you think so? After all, look at Pop himself. He's *so* not Mamma's kind of man, really. She'd have been much happier if she had married someone with more of the racketing spirit. Still, the old thing's all right, really, if you know how to manage him, and Mamma and I have got him absolutely taped. Mamma's grand, isn't she? She's *so* lovely. Easily the most attractive woman I know. Don't you think so? *So* my cup of tea."

Patricia won't get married for quite a time yet. After all, why should one, when girls can have such fun nowadays?

"I think it's far better to have one's fling before marriage than after, and then marry someone just too suitable for words. Come on. Let's go to the Bat. It's extension night. Or isn't it?"

P. B.

In My Lady's Handbag

De Reszke has produced a perfectly delightful little packet of five D.R. Minors. A slim packet that will withstand pressure, made specially to tuck into a lady's handbag (or into a waistcoat pocket). Five for twopence — and containing exactly the same Virginia tobacco as the most expensive De Reszkes you can buy. What a discovery!

De Reszke MINORS

10 for 4d. · 20 for 8d. **5 for 2d** *Decorated flat tins, 60 for 2/-*

Plain or 'Ivory'-tipped

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Proprietors, Established 1844.

GOLF GOSSIP

By Bertram Prance

GOLFER: "You seem very pessimistic. I'm sure we shall find it"
CADDIE: "Aye. I'm afraid so!"

FROM TEE TO GREEN

By LIEUT.-COL. W. ELWY JONES

AT the 19th hour (7 p.m.) on the 19th day of February the first anniversary of the opening of the 19th Club will be celebrated at the club by a cocktail party and cabaret. The cocktails drunk will, no doubt, include many 19ths which are very popular with the members. Dale Bourn will propose the toast of "The Club" as he did last year; I suppose he is the nineteenth member to join.

Naunton Wayne is arranging the cabaret, and will, I have no doubt, make the evening a right good one. I only hope that the members will not carry on the recurrence of the number 19 by having 19 cocktails apiece!

* * *

THE Ladies' Golf Union confirm that the women's international match between Great Britain and the United States of America will be played over the Wentworth Club's course at Virginia Water on Saturday, May 21.

The L.G.U. annual dinner will be held at the Piccadilly Hotel on Tuesday, and the annual general meeting the following day. It says much for the keenness of the ladies that they expect between three and four hundred at the meeting.

* * *

OPPOSITION from the townspeople of St. Andrews was expected to the application for powers to permit the St. Andrews Town Council to charge gate-money at the Open Golf Championship next year. It was thought that the townspeople would object to their freedom and rights being temporarily taken away. The Town Clerk of St. Andrews has now announced that the period for lodging petitions against the draft provisional orders before Parliament has expired and no petitions have been received, so that it is almost certain that gate-money will be charged there for the first time.

* * *

THE G.O.M. of professional golf has passed away in the person of Charles Gibson, who was professional to the Royal North Devon Club at Westward Ho! Charles Gibson was seventy-one. He learnt his golf at Musselburgh, and was assistant at North Berwick up to 1888, when he went to Westward Ho! where he was professional for forty-three years, a record for an English club. He had a wide reputation for club-making and as a teacher of golf. He leaves four sons, one of whom, R. J. Gibson, is professional to the Royal Calcutta Club in India; another, J. O. Gibson, is in America.

* * *

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR R. PINNEY was the winner of the Monthly Bogey at Lyme Regis with a return of 4 down.

* * *

A VERY close match between Oxford University and Camberley Heath was won by the home team by one point. Many of the games were very closely contested. Oppenheimer and J. R. Keen, the Oxford captain, had a hard fight, although the golf was not of a high standard. There was never more than one in it. Oppenheimer gained the lead at the 15th and won by one hole. Charles Sweeney defeated Wills-Stanford by 4 and 3, and Robert Sweeney accounted for Captain C. B. Robertson by 3 and 1. The brothers played fine golf and thoroughly deserved their victories. The result was:—Foursomes: Camberley Heath, 2½ points; Oxford University, 3½ points. Singles: Camberley Heath, 7 points; Oxford University, 5 points.

CAMBRIDGE gained their third victory of this term by defeating St. George's Hill team by 10 to 8. They are the first University team ever to beat St. George's.

W. L. Hope had a difficult task to defeat MacRosty, the University captain, by one up in the singles. Details:—Foursomes: St. George's Hill, 3 points; Cambridge University, 3 points. Singles: St. George's Hill, 5 points; Cambridge University, 5 points.

* * *

GOLF is even influencing cabaret today. I have heard two songs bringing in references to golf in West End restaurants lately.

The Western Brothers have a song called "It Has Gone Down," in which they sing "Golf is not the game it was," with reference to "hacking up the divots round about the green"; and the other night I heard Iris Ashley and William Walker sing a cute little number which, I believe, they call "It Always Takes Two," part of which runs: "One putt will never get the ball down; it always takes three."

* * *

I NOTICED that a writer in one of the daily papers referred to the Stage Golfing Society dance as having possessed the real atmosphere for enjoyment. Congratulations to Ernest Graham and his helpers on having merited such a compliment.

* * *

MR. JUSTICE LANGTON has been nominated for the captaincy of the Bar Golfing Society in succession to the retiring captain, Master F. S. A. Baker. Mr. Justice Avory and Master Sir George Bonner have been nominated as vice-presidents. The annual general meeting will be held on Wednesday, February 3.

* * *

DURING a round at Langley Park recently A. Sellick, jun., did the eighth hole (150 yards) in one stroke.

* * *

IT was announced at the annual meeting of the Artisan Golfers' Association that 119 clubs were now affiliated to the Association, an increase of thirteen over last year. Lord Riddell was re-elected president.

* * *

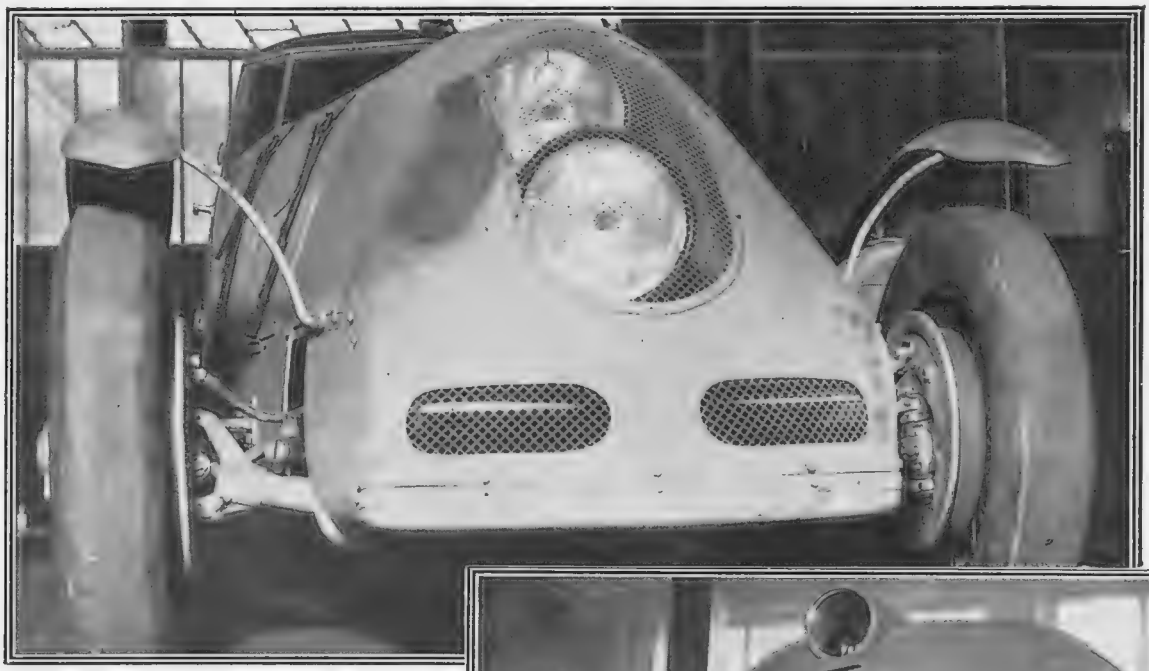
MR. ROBERT WEBBER, the managing director of the *Western Mail*, has started a campaign to secure a championship meeting for Wales. I hope he will meet with success; there are some excellent courses there. Royal Porthcawl, as it is at present, is considered a little short, but no doubt the distances of some of the holes could be increased. Southerndown is a fine course, as also is Aberdovey. I trust that very serious consideration will be given to Mr. Webber's suggestion.

Players invite the careful attention of the Public to the **Quality** and **Quantity** of the Pure Virginia Tobacco which their cigarettes contain

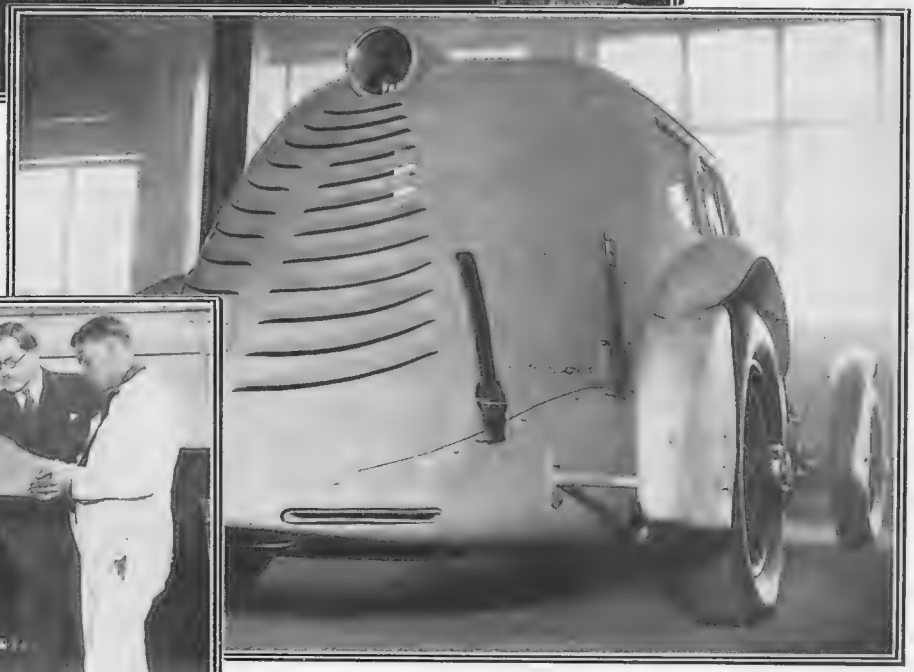
PLAYER'S
Navy Cut

"It's the Tobacco that Counts" N.C.C.68A

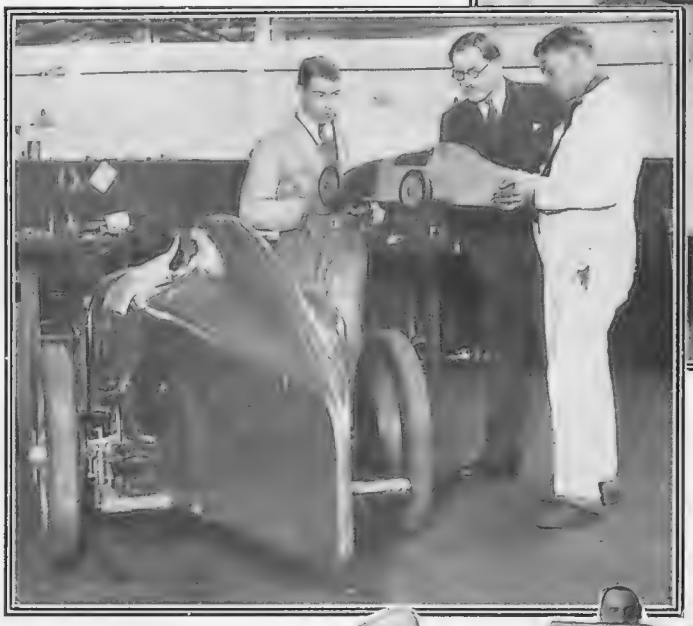
NEW WORLD RECORDS TO CONQUER



Two glimpses of the new mystery car being assembled at the Maida Vale works of Mr. E. A. D. Eldridge, the famous tuning expert, in which an attempt will be made on the World's 36-hour non-stop speed record, probably by Mr. Kaye Don. On the left is the front view of the car, showing the unusual position of the headlights, and below is seen the back of the car, with the window of special concave glass affording a specially wide view of the road behind

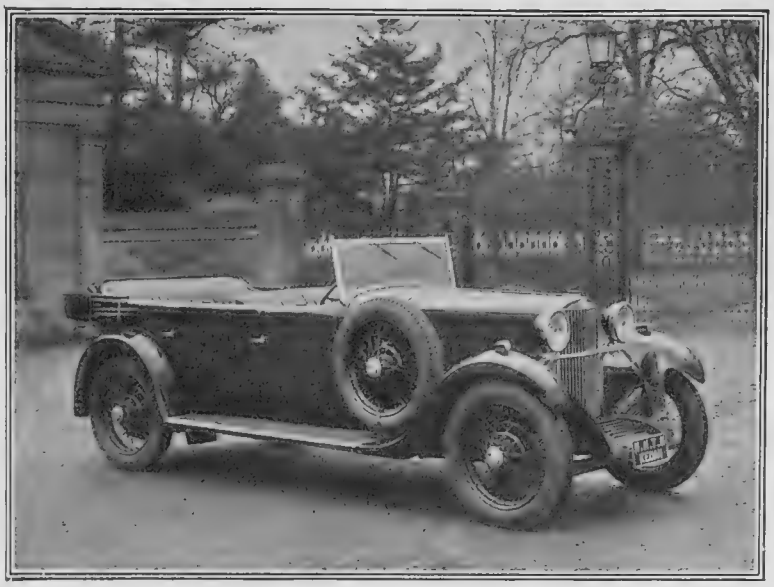


Below: Mr. G. E. T. Eyston, the famous racing motorist (centre), who is shortly to attempt to break the World's speed record on a stream-lined 700 c.c. "baby" car, seen at the works at Abingdon, where the car is being completed. Mr. B. Jackson, the mechanic in charge, is showing him a scale-model of the car in question



Right: Sir Malcolm Campbell in the famous Bluebird car in which he will shortly attempt to break his own World's record of 246·154 m.p.h. The car has been fitted with a new radiator and a more powerful engine, and the stream-lining has been improved

MOTOR NOTES



The 16 h.p. Sunbeam touring car ordered by the Crown Agents for the Colonies. It is for the use of H.H. Tumkee Mohamud, C.M.G., Vice-President of the State Council of Kedati, F.M.S.

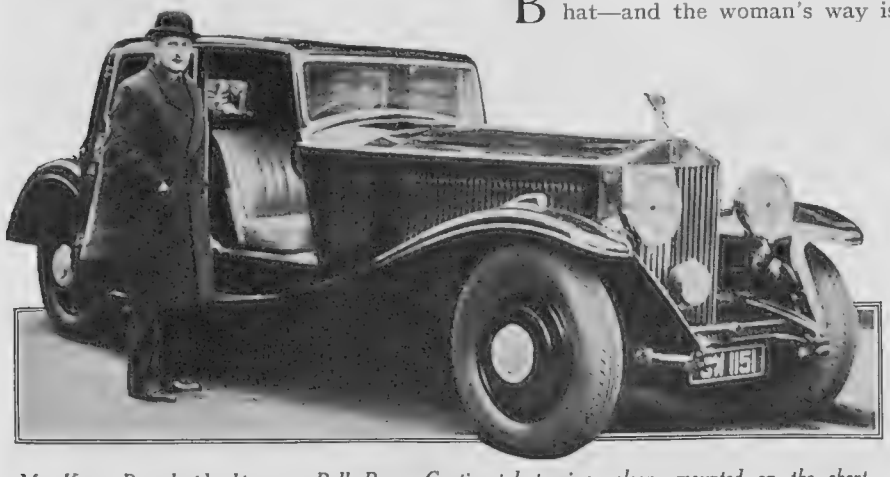
BUY EARLY FOR EASTER

By E. M. WRIGHT

IF you are going to buy a car before Easter, do it now. True, Easter is seven weeks ahead; but the time is short enough if you mean to set about the business properly. Postponing your order till the eleventh hour is almost certain to involve you in inconvenience and delay. Every year at Easter-time dealers are snowed under with orders "for immediate delivery." Often it is sheer impossibility instantly to satisfy the demand. By placing your order early, you buy at a time of comparative slackness, when your individual requirements can receive immediate attention.

***

THE first breath of Spring sends hundreds scurrying to buy themselves a car. Then—only then—do they realise that cars are not to be bought in a few hurried minutes snatched from office hours. If you knew exactly what you wanted, down to the very last detail, and if—which is by no means always the case—the dealer had in stock the particular model you wanted in the colour scheme you had chosen, and if there were no complicated business of part exchange to settle, then you could almost order the car by telephone and have it delivered to you licensed and insured within the space of an hour or two.



Mr. Kaye Don beside his new Rolls-Royce Continental touring saloon, mounted on the short "Phantom II" 40/50 h.p. chassis with a metal-panelled coachbuilt body by Mulliner. Although the car is low in appearance, the moving of the rear seat forward of the upsweep of the frame ensures ample head-room

NINE times out of ten, however, you do not know what you want till you have seen perhaps half a dozen different models of several different makes and have weighed in your mind the rival merits of a host of optional features. And with the best will in the world the average dealer cannot hope to stock in one showroom every model in all its variations of every car in the range he handles. In the London headquarters of our larger makers there is a bewildering array of models and styles to choose from. All that the average dealer can attempt, however, is to show a representative selection. There must be some delay, even in the slack season, and the nearer to Easter the worse that delay becomes.

***

BUYING a car is like buying a hat—and the woman's way is the *only* safe way to set about it. The picture of a husband fuming in impotent wrath whilst his wife tries on every hat in the shop is as old a joke as hats themselves. But a woman knows what she wants—and gets it! The great matter in buying a car, too, is to know clearly what you want, and never to let yourself be fobbed off with something "just as good." It is an old gibe, that women who buy cars think only in terms of dainty colour schemes and minor fallals. It is not true. A woman is often more practical than a man, and she is less likely to be carried away by a passing whim.

***

BUT to know what you want implies at once a knowledge of what the different makers can offer you at any given price. Even though you have fixed on one particular model it is still well worth while to spend time inspecting and trying out other similar models offered by other makers. It is only by comparison that you get any fair idea of whether the model you have in mind does, in fact, offer you the best to be had for your money. That "best" cannot be measured except in reference to your own particular tastes and requirements.

***

IT is perfectly true to say that every car on the market is a good car, and it is perfectly true to say that every car offers you value for money. Yet two cars selling at round about the same price will differ widely in performance, comfort and appearance. You cannot have everything, and the wise buyer selects a car which features the points he—or she—is particularly interested in.

***

A POINT which many overlook is that, if you buy a car just before Easter, you are cramped throughout your holiday tour by the necessity of running it in, and it is, to say the least, uncomfortable to find yourself in the midst of fast traffic with a car that must not be driven at over 25 m.p.h. If you have had time to run in your car thoroughly before the Easter holidays you can set out on a long tour secure in the knowledge that there will be none of those little troubles which so often utterly spoil a day's run.

***

THERE is yet more reason to buy early if you have never driven before. Hundreds of raw beginners start their motoring career with an ambitious holiday tour at Easter. There could be no worse time in the year to start motoring. You have to learn your A.B.C. on roads full to overflowing with traffic. To have the car out before Easter this year involves licensing it for an extra month, but the money is well spent. You will have a chance of trying your 'prentice hand on roads that are comparatively clear

DOGS

THE VIRTUES OF VITAMINS?

By LADY KITTY RITSON

We hear a vast amount in these days about vitamins. They may be as important as they are supposed to be, but I wonder whether we don't over-exaggerate them a bit. There is always somebody who is anxious to start some new phase, and as I remarked in a former article, you meet some people who advocate giving orange and other fruit juices. As a matter of fact, fruit juices belong to Class C in the vitamins, and are anti-scorbutic, thus preventing scurvy. Well, I believe I am right in saying that dogs don't get scurvy, so I think we may eliminate vitamin C and cease annoying our dogs by presenting them with tablespoons of orange juice.

As a matter of fact, I believe that the only two vitamins that dog owners need to bother about are A and D. But don't make the mistake of thinking that you can administer them in convenient doses, and that then all will be well. Nature would have provided them in little capsules, growing on trees, if this had been the case. You must give them through the right foods. But if a dog has a properly balanced diet he will receive vitamin A in its proper form. This vitamin provides for normal growth, and is found in milk, liver (all dogs should have a meal of liver once a week), cod-liver oil and egg yolk. It is also found in certain vegetables, but as dogs need a more concentrated food than vegetables I will not mention them here.

Now some owners are a bit careless about providing sufficient fat for their dogs, and that is why I have mentioned this particularly. You might, for purposes of convenience, consider A and D as almost one vitamin, for D is the one which provides against rickets, and for this cod-liver oil is essential.

One of the champion St. Bernard dogs of the famous Abbot's Pass Kennels at Leigh receiving a wash and brush up in readiness for Cruft's Show

You will find that most people give their dogs a certain amount of meat and biscuit, but that very often the meat is lean, and therefore the animal is deprived of its proper ration of fat. It is a good plan to render down the surplus fat off your lean meat and give it in crisp pieces mixed with dry biscuit. This is very nourishing and appetising, and less bilious than if given hot. If by any chance you do not give meat you should provide the necessary fat by giving cod-liver oil daily, or alternating it with milk. You can procure some biscuits which are mixed with cod-liver oil, but it is not difficult to give in its ordinary form. Every dog should have plenty of crisp dry biscuit, a certain amount of meat, and occasionally, especially in cold weather, some cod-liver oil.

You will see that if you provide what is, after all, merely a well-balanced diet, you need not bother about these fashionable vitamins. The average pet that is fed on scraps from the kitchen often gets a better balanced diet than the pedigree kennel dog, and in consequence looks sleek and well. The best-known dog foods on the market are prepared with great care. I once ate dog biscuit for some days to see if I suffered any ill-effects, and as none ensued, I think it proves that they are pretty good and wholesome.

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

IN THE NEWS

One Car in Four

I never, of course, doubted the Austin Company's claim that they sold one car in every four registered in this country, but I am glad, nevertheless, to have authentic figures which bear out this remarkable statement. One in four is the proportion of Austin sales to total British registrations for the company's financial year, August, 1930, to July, 1931, and if the figures for August and September last are added the percentage is appreciably increased. Comparing registrations during the first ten months of 1931 and 1930, although the total for all cars was down, Austins show an increase of nearly 10 per cent. In the various classes covered by the range they accounted for 80, 61, 47, 35, and 16 per cent. of the total registrations.

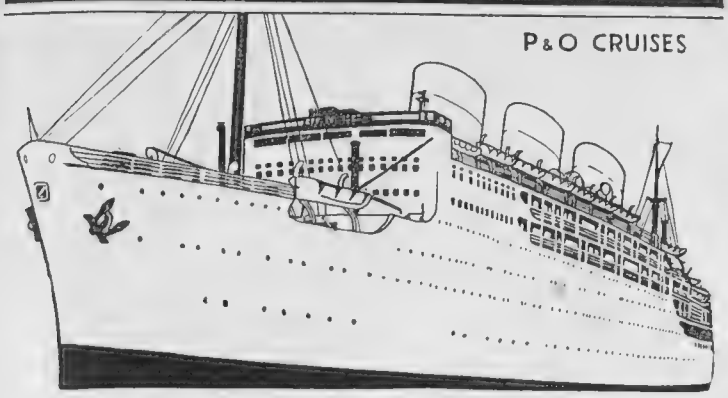
Over-weight

Driving an overloaded car is anxious work even on the best of roads. To drive the lightest of baby cars loaded well over the Plimsoll line nearly 100 miles on a "colonial" track is surely a refinement of torture both for the car and also for any sympathetic owner. From Kenya comes a story of how a British baby car stood up to such an ordeal, and not only survived with its springs intact, but made excellent time despite difficulties with a faulty plug. With nearly a hundredweight of kit between them, two friends—both of whom were of substantial build—set out in a Morris Minor on a long trip up-country. On their way they came upon a stranded motorist, who begged a lift. The owner of the Morris car was ready enough to oblige—but his prospective passenger weighed over fourteen stone! He took the risk, however, and, although he himself had moments of anxiety, the car never turned a hair—let alone burst a spring—during the journey.

Starting the Seagull outboard motor, made by Messrs. John Marston Ltd., of Wolverhampton. This little engine, weighing only 33 lbs. and costing £26, is claimed to be absolutely foolproof and starts in any weather with one pull

The British Motor Rally

About 150 entries have been received for the British 1,000 miles motor rally to be held at the beginning of March. This entry, by the way, is much larger than for the Monte Carlo Rally itself. There is thus every sign that our British Rally will prove a wonderfully successful and interesting event. Starting from points all over the country, competitors must travel 1,000 miles along controlled routes to Torquay, which is the finishing point. The Rally is not a race. Its aim is to test a driver's skill at maintaining a steady average for a long distance, whilst 1,000 miles' almost continuous running is a very real and practical test of a car's soundness. The cars entered include almost every known type, from the smallest baby to the largest of our luxury cars. I am rather surprised to see, however, that the large majority of the entries are big cars. Women are well to the fore, and it is expected that at least six women's teams will take part. London is far and away the most popular starting point; but, unlike the Monte Carlo Rally, nearness to the finishing point makes no difference at all. Every competitor, wherever he starts, has to travel the same distance. The R.A.C. have imposed no ridiculous restrictions as to type. One car taking part in our own Rally is a Diesel-engined model. This is, I believe, the first time that a car with an engine of this kind has competed in a big road trial in this country. E. M. W.



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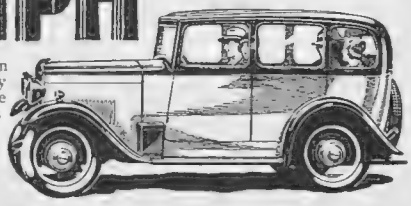

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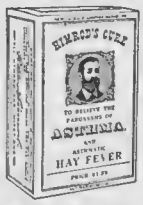

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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Crème à la Moderne

TAKE a quart of good brown stock, one ounce of butter, one ounce of flour, one large cooked beetroot, half a stick of celery, a gill of cream, salt and pepper. Melt the butter in a stew-pan, stir in the flour, and cook for a few minutes, but do not brown; add the stock and stir over the fire till it boils. Cut the peeled beetroot into shreds, also the celery, and add both to the soup. Boil for about half an hour, not more, or the colour will be spoilt. Strain through a sieve and rub enough of the beetroot through to give a good colour. Season, add the cream, and heat up thoroughly, but do not allow to boil.

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Filets de Sole à la Provençale

SKIN two large soles, and carefully remove the fillets, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle over with lemon-juice, and fold each fillet in half. Dip in seasoned flour, and fry in olive oil, previously heated in a sauté pan. Take up the fillets, drain them, and dish them up. Have ready a gill of rich brown sauce, well heated. Mix some anchovy butter with a little of the sauce, and stir all together. Add twelve stoned French olives, and heat them in the sauce. Pour this over the fillets, arranging the olives on each side of the dish, and serve.

Tournedos aux Champignons

TAKE a piece of fillet of beef and cut or stamp it out in rounds, trimming these neatly. Bat them out with a wet knife, season with pepper, salt, minced mushroom and parsley, and sauté them in a well-buttered pan for four or five minutes, only turning them once. Have ready as many round croûtons of fried bread as you have tournedos, brush these with glaze, dust them with minced mushrooms, parsley, and coralline pepper, set a slice of baked and seasoned tomato on each, then a tournedo. Serve hot.

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The menu of a dinner served recently at Grosvenor House, Park Lane

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Clubs of the World

One of the most interesting and useful little reference books I have come across for a long time is "Clubs 1932," edited by E. C. Austen-Leigh, M.A., and published by Spottiswoode, Ballantyne, and Co., Ltd., New Street Square, E.C.4, at 7*s.* 6*d.* Particulars of 3,950 clubs are given in this handy little book, which gives the address, date of establishment, number of members, entrance fee, subscription, the name of the secretary or honorary secretary, and remarks concerning the objects of clubs in every part of the world. London and Provincial clubs of all sorts are dealt with, as are all the leading clubs in the British Empire Overseas and in foreign countries. The success of this invaluable book of reference is emphasised by the fact that the present edition brings it to the fortieth year of publication.

A Royal Warrant Holder

Readers will be interested to note that the famous firm of Yardley and Co., Ltd., perfumery and fine soap makers, were recently appointed parfumiers to Her Majesty the Queen. The West End branch of this firm is at 33, Old Bond Street, and the artistically conceived premises are notable for the wonderfully fine carillon of bells that are installed in the belfry.

Some of the dancers at a fancy-dress ball held recently at the Palace Hotel, Torquay. Many original and clever costumes were seen on the dance floor

Not to be Missed

If you have not already done so, let me strongly advise you to lose no time in buying the 1932 edition of Kelly's Handbook to the titled, landed, and official classes. This book includes in one general alphabetical list all those who have a definite position from hereditary rank, from a title or order, as Members of Parliament, as members of the higher grades of the Services, as Deputy-Lieutenants, Justices of the Peace, King's Counsel, Royal Academicians, Presidents of Learned Societies, Landed Proprietors, distinguished members of Dramatic, Literary, and Artistic Worlds, and as leading members of the British Commercial World. No one can afford to be without so comprehensive a book of reference, which is procurable from Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 186, Strand, W.C.2, at the cost of 30*s.*

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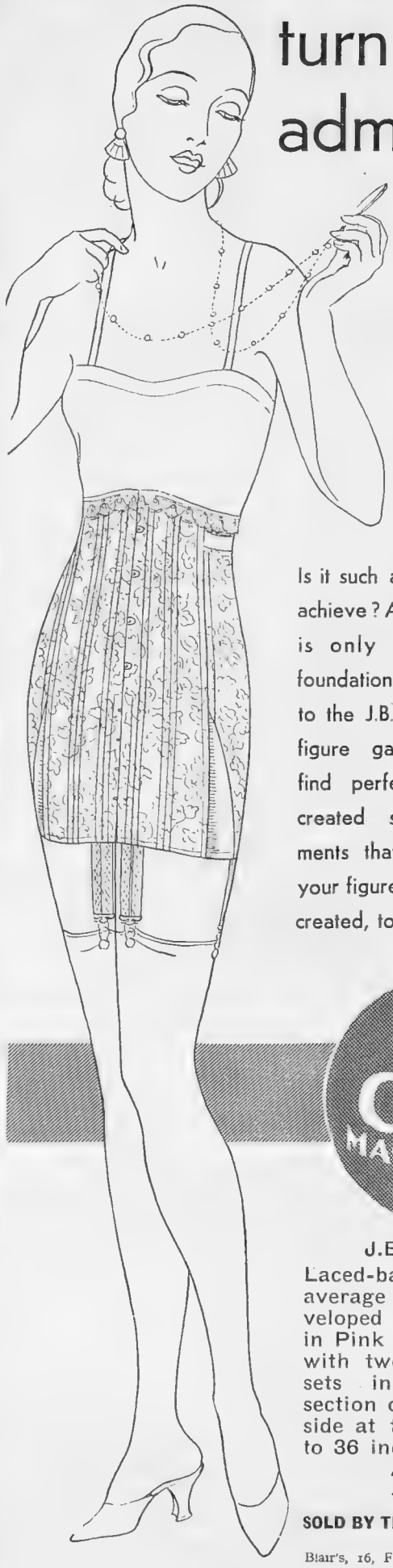

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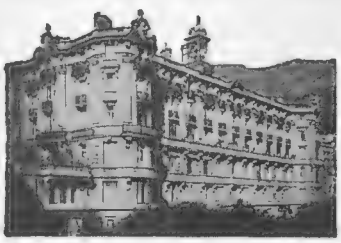
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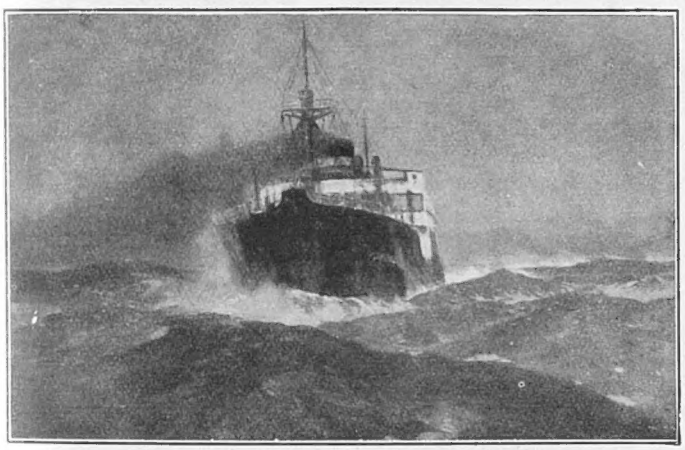

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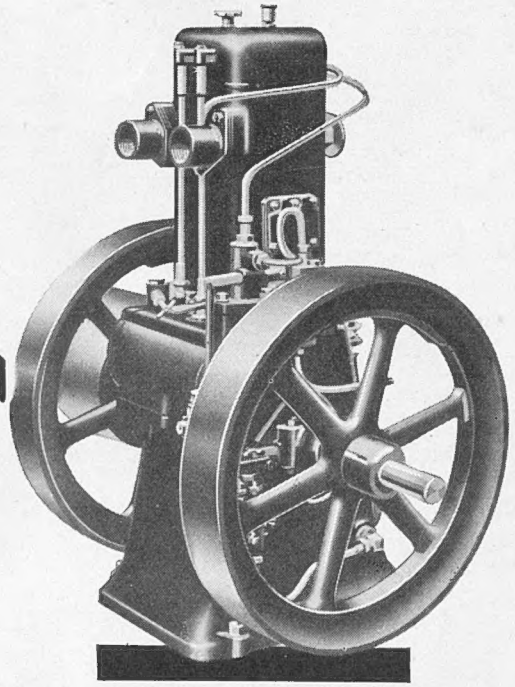

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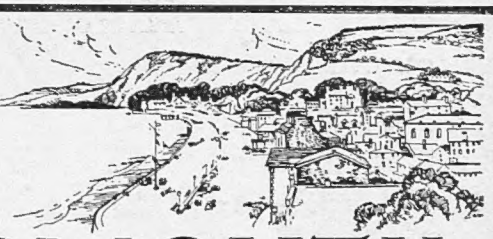

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